

# Improvement Era

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October, 1916

No. 12



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah



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Subscribers are invited to use the blank in this number in renewing their subscriptions for Volume 20. Notice of expiration with return envelope has been sent to each subscriber, which may be used in renewing, if preferable. Agents will receive subscription blanks upon application to the office.

Kindly send your order today so that your name may be kept on our lists and the numbers sent without interruption.

### WHY SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA"?

President Joseph F. Smith will continue to supervise the editing of the magazine, besides contributing to its pages.

The best obtainable local literature of the intermountain west is printed in the *Era*.

Subject matter of immediate and vital interest to the organizations represented by the *Era* will be found in its pages monthly.

The Priesthood quorums, the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Church schools are the three great organizations in the Church whose officers are kept in touch and harmony with their general boards or leaders through the *Improvement Era*.

The *Era* is devoted to good literature that will keep the general reader informed of the thought, progress, and growth of the Church and the world—doctrine, religion, history, stories, poetry, description and passing events.

For nineteen years the *Era* has been published promptly each month and with uninterrupted regularity. The high standard of its contents—doctrinal, historical, literary and departmental—are guarantees of satisfaction to all who subscribe.

A glance at the list of authors in this issue will give you an idea of the contributors for Vol. 20.

### EXPIRATIONS

With this number many subscriptions expire. If yours is among them, please fill out the order blank herewith, today, and mail it to the *Improvement Era*, 20-22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City. Note that the price for Volume 20, beginning November, 1916, with its hundreds of illustrations and splendid stories and literature, is only \$2 per annum.



## THE MANUALS

A manual for class study and for general reading is sent free to each subscriber who may choose either the senior or the junior.

1. The senior manual, *The Church as an Organization for Social Service*, treats upon a subject of intense importance and interest to the student, to every member of the Church, and to people who desire information concerning the Latter-day Saints. It contains a comprehensive introduction entitled, "The Church and her Mission," by Elder B. H. Roberts. This sets forth in the author's clear style the three great labors of the Church, which "comprise her whole duty to man and the world," viz.:

To proclaim to every nation, and kindred and tongue and people the revealed truths God has deposited with her; second,

To perfect the lives of those who receive the truth proclaimed; and third,

To create a community life that shall reflect the spirit of the Christian units of which it is composed—the spirit of the Christ; a righteous community which shall so sanctify the earth that it will be made ready for the glorious coming of Messiah to reign in person over the earth, as Lord of lords, and King of kings, until the earth itself shall be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.

There are eighteen lessons showing mainly how and why socially the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is thriving. Following are the titles of the lessons:

1 and 2—The Social Service Value of Prayer; 3 and 4—Of Missionary Work; 5—Of Tithing; 6—Of Ward Teaching; 7—Of the Church Judiciary; 8—Of the Sabbath Day; 9—Of the Word of Wisdom; 10—Of Temple Marriages; 11—Of "Mormon" Prophecy; 12—Of Church Buildings 13—Of the Relief Society; 14—Of the Sunday Schools; 15—Of the Mutual Improvement Associations; 16—Of the Church Schools and Religion Class; 17—Striking Incidents of Social Service in Church History; 18—Social Service Value of Some "Mormon" Doctrine.

Questions and problems for discussion follow each lesson. The manual thoroughly shows forth the social value of the Church to its membership, as found in its various educational organizations, Church and school buildings, institutions, ceremonies and endowments. The manual is especially fitted for class, home evening and general study purposes; and will be found of great value in the mission field and as a messenger of information on the social conditions among the Latter-day Saints. It really tells the story why the Latter-day Saints as an organization persist and thrive.

II. The title of the Junior manual is *The Development of Character*—with the special division of "Lessons on Courage." It contains 96 pages, with as many short stories, treating on the development of character. It is the first, in the series of three manuals upon the general subject. The lessons are developed by stories bearing on the points sought to be impressed, which

the junior students are to repeat in their own words in the class. Problems and questions are found at the close of each lesson. Besides being a special text in the junior class on this very important subject, it is admirably suitable for "home evening" exercises and for general reading.

## SPECIAL FEATURES FOR VOLUME 20

*Religious Articles.* In each number will be found leading articles on the doctrines and religious teachings of the Church. These are carefully chosen and written, and when they appear in the *Era* are as near correct as thoughtful consideration can make them.

*Stories.* For 1917 the *Era* will purchase the best stories that can be obtained by home writers, according to the judgment of competent judges, during the four months beginning February 5, and ending May 5, 1917. The stories selected each month and considered the best will be purchased. For the first best we offer \$25, the second best, \$12.50. Others that are considered available, will also be purchased.

The following splendid moral stories, already on hand, will appear from time to time during the new volume: "In the World of Spirits," the story of a conversion, by J. M. Sjodahl; "Washington-Lincoln's Mud Daub," and "The Gift of Trapper's Cave," by Elsie Chamberlain Carroll; "Tendrilla," by Nephi Anderson; "In Line with the Spug Movement," by Bertha A. Kleinmann; "God's Painting," by Wilford C. Brimley; "An Easter Awakening," by Mrs. L. H. Roylance; "Putting Mother on the Shelf," Ida S. Peay; "The Patient in Room 16," by Elizabeth C. Porter; "Failure to Provide," and "Dorothy's Career," by Annie D. Palmer; "Mary Ellen," Maud Baggarley; "The Kingdom of Little Children," by Myrtle Young; "Old Tim," by Newell K. Young, and many others.

*Music.* A new and attractive feature will be a musical composition in each number, by Prof. Evan Stephens. The first of these appears in this number. Twelve others will follow—six for boys' and six for men's voices. In these the Mutual Improvement Association singers will find just what they need and want in the line of new and attractive music; suitable for boys and young men and written especially for them by a man who understands not only music, but boys and men. Very valuable for preliminary program exercises, and for all who delight in good music in the home.

## DEPARTMENTS

*Priesthood Quorums.* Current instruction and information to members of the Priesthood quorums will be printed each

month, with matter of vital interest for the Priesthood classes and the membership of the Church generally.

*Mutual Work.* In this department, officers of the M. I. A. will receive important instructions from the committees of the various divisions of our work, class study, stake work, vocations and industries, athletic and scout work, social and summer work, and membership and organization, reading course, contests and special activities, M. I. A. day, joint work, *Era* and fund. Experiences in Mutual affairs from leading M. I. A. officers and members showing how successful workers are "making things go," are solicited. Interesting experiences from the mission field will appear.

*Church Schools.* Teachers in the Church schools will provide the readers of the *Era* with literature on religious, social, ethical and educational work.

*Miscellaneous.* The pages of the *Era* will be open to new writers who have messages to deliver to the people. It is the mission of the *Era* to encourage the growth and development of home literature.

Those who have carefully perused past volumes will readily understand that many of the most attractive articles, owing to the element of timeliness, both as to current and lasting value, cannot be named in advance. Articles of this class will be sought for from the best home writers, and presented to our readers in Volume 20.

With its 1200 pages of carefully prepared reading matter, with from 300 to 400 illustrations, the *Era* forms a collection of literary, historical, doctrinal and miscellaneous literature of intense interest for the present and of great value for the future.

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual  
Improvement Associations and the Schools of the  
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VOLUME NINETEEN

Published by the  
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1916

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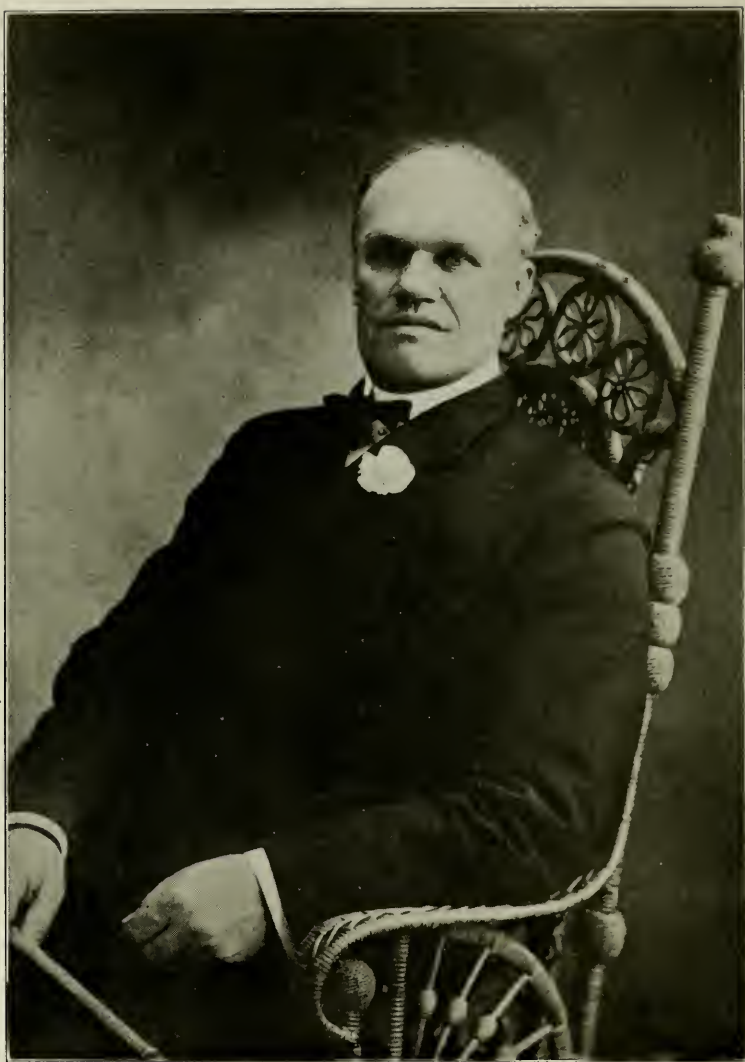
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Photo by Howard B. Anderson.

### THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

"The river is so voluble, so vivacious, so full of noisy chatter! If you are dull, it rouses and lifts you out of yourself; if gay, it is as gay as you. Besides there is the paradox that, notwithstanding you may be going in different directions, it never leaves you for a single moment. One talks as it runs. One listens as he walks. A secret, an indefinable sympathy, springs up. You are no longer alone."—Samuel Adams Drake, "The Mountain Stream."



EVAN STEPHENS

For nearly twenty-six years conductor of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, and recently resigned. Born South Wales, June 28, 1854. The "Improvement Era" will publish a series of twelve songs with music, composed by him especially for Y. M. M. I. A. members—six for the Junior boys and six for the Seniors. The first of the series is printed in this number. The photo shows him as he appeared at the age of fifty.



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## Why not be Consistent?

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BY DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

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It is characteristic of the human mind to be dogmatic. It is common to hear opinions expressed with a positiveness that almost amounts to arrogance. Particularly do we find a tendency to dogmatism common among a certain class of young people—the class composed of those who pride themselves on their liberal and original thinking. To this class usually belong those who, with an assumption of mental superiority, affirm a disbelief in spiritual things. The purpose of this paper is to point out the inconsistency of those who take this stand.

To achieve our purpose, let us take a few glances into the so-called “natural world”—the world of science. Our knowledge of this world has been organized into departments which we call sciences—as botany, mineralogy, zoology, geology, chemistry, physics, astronomy, etc. Not that nature itself is divided into well defined departments with sharp division planes, but for convenience of study we classify our knowledge of nature into these departments.

Going into one of these departments, physics, for example, we study some of the properties of matter, learn something about electricity, light, heat, magnetism and various other phenomena. We get an acquaintance with the force of gravity and laws of motion of inanimate bodies. In the law of gravitation we discover an explanation of why the heavenly bodies—planets, etc.—sweep on through space with a harmony that is truly wonderful. Gravitation tells us why the earth, whirling in its orbit about the sun, at the rate of nearly twenty miles a second, though requiring a whole year to complete the cycle, accomplishes the journey with most remarkable precision, the time required for successive cycles not varying by a measurable part of a second. And gravitation—the force of attraction between heavenly bodies—tells us *how* these bodies attract one another, but it does not tell us *why*

they attract one another. And why they attract no man can tell.

In physics and chemistry we may learn much about the properties of matter—that entity which occupies space and takes up room, that something which makes up substances, the things that we can feel and handle and which we call material things. Nothing is so common as matter. Our very bodies are composed of it. We eat it, drink it, wear it, breathe it, and cannot get away from it. We burn it for warmth and use it for coolness. By means of it we move and travel. In all our works of construction we use it and it alone. Nothing in the world is so familiar. Of it the world is made up. If we know anything we surely know what matter is. But no, we do not know what matter is. The enigma of what it is has not been solved!

Again, in physics we study magnetic phenomena. We learn that the earth is a magnet, at least acts as if it were one. To this fact is due the use of the compass, the mariner's friend that guides him by day and by night while he sails with perfect assurance over the bosom of the deep. The usefulness of the earth's magnetism is almost immeasurable. To what is this magnetism due? Again we have another unanswered question.

But magnets are so common and magnetism is so useful and has been so intently studied that men surely know what magnetism is. If it were not for magnetism there would be no dynamos, no electric motors, no electric cars, no telephones or telegraph lines, nor a thousand other things essential to modern modes of life. What then is this agent, so useful and necessary and so much studied? The answer is, we have here another impenetrable mystery.

This is an "electrical age"—a period in which we almost cease to marvel at the manifold wonders brought to pass by the subtle agent, electricity. Under control, this agent operates with unerring accuracy, however great or small the work to be done. And in a myriad of ways this agent is daily doing a larger part of the work of the world. The laws by which electricity may be developed, transmitted, applied, and controlled, are well understood. But what is this wonderful agent? To this question learned men shake their heads.

In physics we read of a subtle medium, called the ether, that is said to fill all space and to permeate all bodies. In it all substances float, as it were. By means of this medium light is transmitted, also wireless telegraphic messages. By means of it, also, electric, magnetic, and gravitational forces are exerted. Through it the earth and the heavenly bodies move without resistance as through a perfect fluid. Yet for light and electric waves, such as those used in wireless telegraphy and telephony, this remarkable medium acts as a perfect solid. Surely a wonderful medium to

be a fluid and a solid at one and the same instant! Enough to show that we do not know what the ether is.

If we carefully examine a snowflake we may be astonished to find a delicate and intricate structure not unlike that which might come from the hand of a most skilful workman. Common salt separates out of a hot, saturated solution, on cooling, as beautiful crystals. And no matter how numerous the crystals or from how many solutions obtained they are all alike in structure. Granite, limestone, and other mountain-forming rocks, are crystalline in structure. Precious stones are beautifully crystalline, each with a characteristic structure. Now why do snowflakes, chemical salts, and the mineral constituents of mountain-forming rocks all have a delicate, complex, and characteristic crystalline structure? It is their nature. No other answer can be given.

Who can explain the color of the rose, of the apple, of the cherry, of the peach, of the grass and of the leaves? Who can tell why some paints are red, others green, and still others yellow? Why, any student of physics, you say. Yes, any physicist can *explain* these phenomena but no physicist can really tell *why* the apple gives out only red light and the grass only green light and the paint only yellow light.

In the simple phenomena of color, then, there are unanswered questions.

In the study of plants and animals—living things—we learn much about the conditions of growth and of life. But man, in all his wisdom and power and glory, cannot make even a blade of grass. He knows the conditions necessary for life, but he cannot make life, he does not even know what life is.

And so instances might be multiplied showing that in every department of nature—in every science—there are myriads of unanswered questions, mysteries so deep and profound that the most learned can not even guess at their solution. Surely we live in a wonderful world! Wise men in the presence of nature stand in reverent awe.

Our critical students do not believe in the existence of a spiritual world because they do not understand it. Yet they do not refuse to study and believe in science, though at every turn they are confronted by mysteries. They do not disbelieve in the existence of matter, of electricity, of magnetism, of gravitation, even though they cannot know or understand what these things are. They do not doubt the existence of life, though powerless to create it, and unable to know what it is.

They doubt the existence of a spiritual world because they cannot see it. Why not doubt the existence of electricity and of magnetism? They have never seen either of these. But they see their effects, it may be argued, and so cannot doubt their existence. Just so, and for the same reason observing people who

reason logically cannot doubt the existence of a spiritual world, even though they themselves have no convincing personal experiences of this existence. But effects and evidences of this existence are seen on every hand.

Is it not, then, absurd to refuse to study and investigate the claims of true religion on the ground that some of these claims are not fully understood? If the same attitude were taken toward science, there would be no science and no students of science. The whole of nature, in that case, would be a dark mystery with no light of knowledge shining from any source.

Every student of mathematics has experienced difficulty in understanding some mathematical demonstrations. But because of this the demonstrations were not declared false, and the truths they established rejected. Rather has the student attributed his failure to understand to his own stupidity. Why not take this same attitude towards things spiritual? Would it not be just as logical to reject mathematics as to reject religion, because of a failure on the part of a student to understand?

Science teaches, and all students of science believe, that two entities make up the physical universe, matter and energy, each indestructible though changeable in form. All the ceaseless changes involved in physical phenomena do not, and cannot, it is said, produce any change in the amount of either entity. With this doctrine in mind, how is it possible to believe that life, more subtle than either matter or energy, is destructible, is destroyed by death or ceases to exist at death? Life, as exemplified in man, has, to a large extent, dominion over both matter and energy. These cannot be destroyed. Then is it not absurd to believe that life perishes, ceases to exist?

The existence of facts and things may be established on the testimony of a sufficient number of reputable witnesses. Our critical students accept, without question, this kind of evidence; when it relates to physical occurrences. Now, thousands of reputable men and women testify, with absolute assurance, of spiritual manifestations in great variety. Is it not illogical for a rational mind to reject those testimonies?

We conclude, then, that consistency and logic require us to assume the same attitude of sympathy and trust toward religious and spiritual things that we assume toward science and material things. This reasonable attitude will result in faith, the foundation of a religious life.



## His Mother's Honesty

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BY ANNIE D. PALMER

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Andrew Poulsen was taking his first high school work in the R—— Academy, six miles from home. It was in fact almost his first school work of any kind. His mother had emigrated from Denmark when he was four years old and his sister Maren was six. They had been very poor. Andrew could remember when they had eaten nothing but bread for weeks at a time, and when Mrs. Barrett had given him cast off clothing that should have been given to the scare-crow in the field. And because the dear mother had been so much concerned with getting food and clothes for her children, their education had been very much neglected.

But now Andrew was a man. He had built a comfortable little home for his mother. He must find a place for himself in the busy world of men. He must prepare to be a credit to the place when he did find it, so he was in school. He had been permitted to enter as a *special* and to select his work here and there as his interests should dictate. This morning the commercial arithmetic examination was to be given.

How the young man dreaded that examination! He was tempted to stay away—not to try it at all. He had missed so much that should have preceded commercial arithmetic, and this work had been so hard.

As he came within a block of the academy he met Professor E——, the arithmetic teacher.

"Why, good morning, Poulsen," greeted the big-hearted professor; "I was just thinking about you."

"Thinking about me, Professor E——? You must have been thinking how dull I am in the arithmetic class. I shall fail in the examination this morning, I know I shall."

"Well, now, we'll see as to that later. One never knows till he has tried."

"One comes so near to knowing that he can make a very good guess at it, however."

"Maybe so, my boy, maybe so. But just now I want to tell you a bit of news that is to be a secret between us for a few days. You know Mr. Karl C. Brown?"

"The manager of the Valley Department Store?"

"Manager and sole proprietor. He is a rather eccentric old gentleman, honest as the day, and one of the most agreeable old

men I ever knew. What I particularly want to tell you is that he is looking for a young man to take charge of the shoe department. He will pay a fair salary at once and is really hoping to find a man who will grow and eventually become a partner in the business."

"A lucky hit for some young fellow," ventured the student.

"Very lucky, indeed; and you stand as good a show as any one else in the world to get it. I have recommended to Mr. Brown four of the students, of whom you are one."

"I'll never stand any chance. I am a stranger in town, and besides—"

"Listen, my boy. Mr. Brown will decide by the examination papers this morning which of the four he wants. I would like to see you get in with him, so I put you on your guard."

"Thank you very much, Professor E——, but it is a hopeless case—" a moment's pause and then he added, "hopeless this time, but I'll win out yet."

The first problem of the examination was rather easy, and Andrew felt reasonably sure of his solution to the second. From there he read on down to the last one. Not a ray of light would come. He dropped his head in his hands to think. What was that about potatoes—"bought at 35 cents per bushel and sold in lots at 33 1-3 cents, 37½ cents, and 42 cents—what was the per cent of gain?"

Slowly the young man was carried back in memory to the home of thirteen years ago. There was his mother on the low, shaky cot from which she had not risen for nearly two months. There was his sister with bare feet and tattered clothing. There was the well-dressed lady who came and offered to give Maren fifty cents a week if she would go and work for her.

He tried to arouse himself to the problem of per cent, but it was useless. The dreaming persisted. Now his mother sits up a part of the day and he hangs the warm quilts in the sunshine and stirs the dusty hay in the mattress. Then he brings the flour and the yeast he has made under her direction; and she mixes the dough with the pan on a chair beside her. Then she must lie on the cot again for she is very tired. So several more days pass and then the dear mother begins to walk. Now she pats her lad gently on the head and sends him into the field to glean, for the wheat in the sack is gone, and the six fine hens are hungry. Ah, he is hungry, too, but there is bread, for Maren has been working two weeks and got her pay in flour. So he dips the bread in the clear, cool water from the brook, and eats till he is satisfied. Then he puts a piece of the bread in the broad pocket of his trowsers and trudges off to the field with his sack. At night he comes home with the heads of wheat, enough to feed the chickens for half a week. Thus day after day he

toils—with only the bread to eat—with the appetite of a growing boy to appease.

"When potatoes are bought at 35 cents per bushel and sold—ah, yes, that was the problem—yet again the dream. It is Saturday night. Wearily he drags along toward home with the sack, but quickens his pace when he is nearly there, because of the joy he is to give his mother.

She opens the door and welcomes him gladly.

"Mother, you can never guess what I have for you in my sack," he says proudly.

"No. What have you in it, my boy?"

"See, mother. I have six potatoes for dinner tomorrow.

"Where did you get them?" The mother speaks slowly, sadly, with emphasis that chills him on every word.

Falteringly he replies, "Mother, there is a big field of them. I had only to pull up one vine on the last row—and these all came up with it."

"Did you know it was wrong to take them?" The firmness of her voice leaves no room for doubt.

"I know it now, mother! Oh, forgive me, mother dear! The field is so big—and I am—so hungry! He clings to his mother sobbing.

"Yes, Andrew, I do forgive you; and the good Father in heaven will forgive you, too. But you must never, *never* do such a thing again. Remember, my boy, remember always, you and your mother can starve, but *we cannot steal!*"

Ah, his angel mother!

The young man lifted his head again to the arithmetic test on the blackboard. Just then a crumpled sheet of paper fell on the floor at his feet. He picked it up, at the same time glancing across the aisle whence it had come. His eyes met those of pretty Allie Brown, who was known to be the best student of the class.

"Open it," she motioned with her lips as she gave him a friendly smile.

He did so. There were the problems all worked out as Allie had solved and copied them.

He looked at Professor E——. The professor sat with his eyes riveted, stubbornly riveted, on a book. He seemed to be giving every possible opportunity for cheating. Did he really expect that Andrew would copy? Did he desire it? He had said, "I would like to see you get in with him, so I put you on your guard." On guard for what? For a chance to make good on somebody else's work? Surely —

Again the puzzled student looked across the aisle and met the gaze of Allie Brown.

"Copy." Her lips formed the word decisively while a frown

of impatience clouded her brow. Did she, too, know about her father's plan? Did she want him to get in her father's store by unfair means? She sat very still now with her eyes averted and Andrew studied her face in wonderment.

Just then a stately old gentleman with kind, blue eyes and a flowing white beard entered the class-room. He paused and looked the boys over with a pleasant smile and then engaged in a low conversation with the teacher.

"So Mr. Brown has come in to look for a boy," thought Andrew. "Oh how I wish I could get the place! Business experience, good salary, promotion, perhaps a partnership. And Allie! What would I not give for a chance to do my best at trying to win her. She knows I would not cheat; *so much depends* upon this examination! Well, let it depend! So much of life depends upon honor that I'll take that first and foremost. It's the way of the world, largely, to take every advantage one can take and not get found out, but I'll have none of it. My dear old mother is right. We can starve but we cannot cheat or steal."

Hastily the determined youth folded up the paper on which he had written his name and correctly solved the first and second of the test problems. With quiet dignity he tucked the crumpled sheet down into his trousers pocket, carried his certain failure to the teacher's desk and left the room.

The next day Professor E—— announced to the class that all but three had passed successfully. Andrew did not ask then nor later whether or not he was one of the three. He knew. Put a joy was in his heart and a dogged determination to go on and on to final success.

A week later Professor E—— met him in the hall and handed him a note. Andrew opened it and read:

DEAR MR. POULSEN:

Will you come to my store and work in the shoe department? I can give you \$75 per month to begin with and there is good opportunity for promotion and bigger pay.

Yours,

KARL C. BROWN."

It fairly took away the young man's breath.

"I thought," he said in surprise, "it depended on the examination."

"So it did, my boy, so it did," laughed the professor. Mr. Brown was a teacher once, before he got rich and a bit cranky; and he holds the opinion that the biggest test of all for a business career is the test of unquestioned honesty. You failed, it is true, in the problems of arithmetic, but you came off triumphant in the bigger test. We both knew about Allie's crumpled paper."

Andrew and Allie and her father are partners now, the first



two for "time and all eternity." It took four years of the closest kind of business application to bring it all about. Allie did not know why her father asked her to find out which of the boys would cheat, and she didn't even guess that either of them would hesitate to copy if he could not solve the problems.

But she is more than proud of the integrity of her husband, and loves to tell her friends about what she proudly terms, "His mother's honesty."

PROVO, UTAH.

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## The Lure of the West

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BY IDA STEWART PEAY

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What is the great charm of the West? Much in literature today is about the land of the setting sun. Many there are who have enjoyed *The Girl of the Golden West*, *The Squawman*, *The Virginian*, *Told in the Hills*, and the host of thrilling stories about the wild frontier. What is the lure, the spell, the fascination—what stirs the blood and makes the heart-beats quicken when the tales of the West are told?

It is passing strange—steep and barren are the Rockies; silence, sage-brush, cover the hills; plain and uncultured are the valley folk, their pleasures few and simple. No lovely man-made parks or cities, no architectural or monumental marvels, no congestions of business, no array of wealth—no world-famed ones abide there. Whence comes, then, this moving, quickening interest in the far West?

Civilization has ever stolen westward—is it because the West is yet to be won, subdued and conquered? Is it that Civilization's pursuit of the great, unknown outposts is like a lover's who, with pulse bounding, heart warm, wit keen, ambition noble, and effort supreme, seeks to win the maid—modest, evasive, alluring—pursuing he is all ardor, until she is his own, and then—well, the "then" is known to both man and maid.

Is the West being wooed? And when she is won, will she be—but why spoil a romance in the making by a cold dash of the philosophy of the inevitable? Why define the "lure of the West"! Just feel it, just know it, just let the breath come quick and the soul rise to the heights of the strength, purity and simplicity of the tales of life in the great, wild West.

PROVO, UTAH



AN ARCH OF SOLID SANDSTONE  
Forming a natural bridge in Escalante Canyon—300 feet wide, 200 feet high.

## Scenes of Grandeur.

BY CHARLES H. BAKER



Cave in which are several cliff houses in  
the dark cavity.

Among the grand scenes of Southern Utah, many of which are located in the eastern part of Garfield county, are abrupt tables or small plateaus of solid sandstone, capped with slate and sand. Many cattle and sheep graze on them during the winter months, and these plateaus are known to the stockmen as benches. Some have but one trail, and that being built by man, by which stock are enabled to surmount them. These benches are often fenced by a single cedar tree which has grown in a crevice of the rocks, and chosen and conveyed by man for that

purpose, and are separated one from the other by deep box canyons which vary in depth from 200 to 600 feet.

By considerable blasting, a wagon road has been constructed across the Escalante canyon, from Escalante to Boulder, the two most easterly towns of Garfield county. The road is both difficult and dangerous to travel. Five hundred pounds in an ordinary wagon is sufficient load for one good span of horses. The United States mail is carried on the backs of mules, and comes and goes to and from Boulder but once a week.

The Escalante canyon, through which flows the Escalante river, is one hundred miles in length. The river rises about one and a half miles east of Escalante and joins the Colorado river above Lee's Ferry, on the old emigrant road from Utah to Arizona. The walls of the canyon are broken every mile or two by deep, narrow, side-canyons, one in particular whose sides rise in perpendicular height over three hundred feet. This canyon is about nine miles long. One other is spanned by an arch of solid sandstone, forming a natural bridge more than 300 feet wide and 200 feet high.

On the shelves and in the caves of these cliffs are the ruins of many cliff houses, constructed of willows, mud and stone. Most of these are very near the bottom of the canyons, but some are located at a considerable height. One in Calf Creek canyon is near the top of a ledge nearly 400 feet high, and can be reached only by a rope ladder suspended from the top of the cliff. It is marked by parenthesis in the illustration.



Cliff House, Escalante Canyon,  
Garfield County, Utah.

## Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

(Selected)

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said—"what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said, eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter! I am a musician."

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—Shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched and we have no music."



"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fraulein—"

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

"Listen!" the composer said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again and give the Fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent, than words and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.—ANON.

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## Alone

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Love came to me one morning, 'twas when my world was new,  
And wanted to remain with me my whole life through.

I laughed at Love that morning and told him to depart,  
I had no place to give to him within my heart.

Love went away, all sadly, and in his stead there came  
Honor, Wealth, and Pleasure, high Rank, and Fame.

My heart I opened gladly to each fair guest;  
And gave to them, from out my life, its choicest, best.

They took my best, my choicest, 'till I had naught to give;  
Then sought some younger, fairer heart, wherein to live.

My heart is empty, lonely, my life with sorrow fraught;  
I sigh for Love's returning, but Love comes not.

MINERVA PINKERTON

# Shakespeare\*

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BY MARGARET CALDWELL

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It is perfectly natural for us to be interested in the things which people around us are thinking of and talking about. We have a tendency, too, to like anything which is old; anything which has been handed down to us from generations past. This year, as you know, marks the three hundredth year since the death of Shakespeare. Because of this date many people, throughout the United States and throughout the rest of the world, have been considering Shakespeare and have been talking about him. Of course, we have all responded more or less to the throb of this interest in him and his work. There is no objection to our giving attention to him simply because other people do; there is no objection to our being interested in him simply because he is ancient; but it seems to me that if we are going to think of him intelligently, if we are going to get the very best that he has to give us, we must have the very strongest reasons for reading and thinking and talking of Shakespeare.

In the short time I have, it will be impossible for me to say very much about Shakspeare himself, or about any of his works, but I am here to remind you that any man who studies Shakspeare is getting very much more out of life than one who does not. It may not be essential that one shall study Shakespeare in order to get into heaven. It is not essential, absolutely, that one shall study Shakespeare in order to be a good citizen. But the man who does know Shakespeare has an inspiration and an uplift which will help him to get into heaven, and which will help him to make a strong citizen of himself. It is said of Shakspeare that he is just as much a fact as the Alps or the Atlantic ocean, and that we who do not know of him are probably missing just as much as those of us who do not know of those great geographical places.

When I say that we should study Shakspeare, I do not mean that we should state what the critics have to say about him. If we want to know the man really, if we want to get in touch with what he was and is, we must read his works as they are given by him. The *Tales of Shakespeare* are all very well, but they serve only to create a stepping stone to the study of the real works themselves; and so I urge upon you that you go to Shakespeare

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\*Remarks at the preliminary exercises of the demonstration of a ward association meeting, at the June M. I. A. Conference, 1916.

and read his works as he produced them. If you are not interested now, if they do not mean much to you, then work on them until you learn to read them and until you can get from them the inspiration which they surely have to give.

I said to you that it is not necessary to know what the critics have to say. It is true, of course, that there is a certain interest in knowing that Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, that he died three hundred years ago, and that his father was not a very well educated man; that the boy went to the grammar school, where he "learned English and small Latin and less Greek," and that later on he studied French and Italian; that he married Ann Hathaway; that he moved to London, and there wrote many of his plays, and acted upon the London stage; that his period of writing covered about twenty years' time; that finally he returned to Stratford, and died somewhere near the age of fifty-two years. Nobody appears better perhaps for knowing this; he has had no more uplift from these facts than as though he did not know them. It is simply interesting to us to know that the theatre of Shakespeare's time was not exactly like the theatre of today. The stage had little stage-setting, except some very, very simple furniture. The only atmosphere which the stage-setting created was that given by a blue canopy stretched above to suggest the blue sky, or black draperies to suggest the setting for a tragedy, or something of that kind. When a change of the scene was to be made, possibly somebody brought in a pencil or a pen, and put it on the crude table, to suggest that the scene had been changed to a study; or possibly a stage manager came out with a placard which read: "This is a throne room," or "This is a forest."

We may enjoy knowing that what we now call the parquet of the theatre, in Shakespeare's time was known as a pit, people sat there who could afford to pay only one or two or three pennies to see the play, and that the people who occupied the pit were the lower classes, and that those who really wanted to see the play for the real advantages of it were the people who went up higher, and paid higher prices for their seats.

It may be interesting for us to know that during the play the clown capered all around the side of the stage in order to create amusement for those people in the pit. It may be interesting for us to know that the women's parts in Shakespeare were played by young boys before their voices became harsh and hard, and that no woman who considered herself respectable went upon the stage at all, and that as a matter of fact many women who attended the theatre sat in their boxes with their faces masked.

All these facts have a certain interest; but they are not the things for which we study Shakespeare. We want the uplift which comes to us, the inspiration, and the help which we get



from reading an author who is an authority capable of interpreting life. We certainly need to get from our study standards for our own existence, power which will help us conquer in hours of trial, for, it seems to me, this is the big thing for which we study all literature.

Shakespeare's time was not particularly unlike our present period. In a way, at least, it was not, for England had just conquered in war, her people were traveling, they were wealthy, and they were interested in life. Many men were writing plays at that period; just as many men today are writing plays, occasioned by the great wars, occasioned because of the amount of travel which people are permitted to take, and because of other unusual opportunities they had. Of course, people were in the frame of mind which made them interested in humanity, and so we find Shakespeare writing primarily about people, not people of a particular age but people who could live from generation to generation; and as we read of Shakespeare's men today, we say, "How like the man who lives next door, how like that woman I know." Sometimes we feel a blow which has been given to us, ourselves, and we feel that we have been hit very hard by the thing which Shakespeare has his characters do. In other words, his characters are thoroughly human, and are working out the real problems of life in ways that they can be worked out, and ways that they must of necessity be worked out. Because Shakespeare dealt with humanity in all its classes, his plays appeal to all classes of people.

Certainly we can look for more than the study of character and human problems in Shakespeare. If one is interested merely in the story, he finds something from this great writer. There could not possibly be any more charming story than the story of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or "Twelfth Night;" or, if one wants heavier themes, the story of "Othello," or "Lear," or "Mac-Beth." So if you want just a story, go to Shakespeare for it. If you want philosophy, a deep insight into life, and into the hearts of people, go to Shakespeare for it. If you want description of landscapes, of the seasons, of skies and seas, and of court life, go to Shakespeare for it. If you want humor of the keenest type, go to Shakespeare for it. You may not in his later writings find material which will make you laugh heartily, but you certainly will find material which will make you smile, and smile, and smile a quiet, sweet, serene smile for days to come. It is said of Shakespeare that his humor, like murder, will out; and it seems to me that this is one of the saving things about him, that he sees the funny side of life. Even in his most serious stories there is relief action which makes the play wake up and live.

If you want a picture of out door life, if you want to breathe fresh air and feel real sunshine in your souls, go to Shakespeare

and read some of his plays which have a forest setting. If you want facts, if you want knowledge, go to Shakespeare for his historical facts. If you want to understand the allusions in tales you read every day, go to Shakespeare and learn from the allusions there many, many things which you can apply to all your reading. If you want to know English words, go to Shakespeare, for he has used 15,000 different English words.

After all, however, it seems to me that the big thing to go to Shakespeare for is not knowledge, is not a story, but is rather the manner in which Shakespeare expresses his wonderful thoughts. The poetry and the charm of what he has to say is, to my mind at least, one of the biggest things in Shakespeare. If you lose the poetry in his lines, you "put his whole creation out of tune." He has somehow put himself into his writing, and only by reading him aloud can one feel the thrill and the glory of his works.

Now, if I have just one word to leave with you, it is this, that you read Shakespeare aloud. You cannot appreciate the difference between his rather boisterous "Merry Wives of Windsor" and his finer humor in the "Tempest;" you cannot appreciate the difference between tragedy such as we get in "Hamlet" and such as we get in "Othello" and "MacBeth" until you have heard MacBeth and the Moore and other characters talk.

No matter how poorly you may read Shakespeare, no matter how poorly you may know Shakespeare theatricals, my advice is to read aloud, aloud, and constantly read aloud.



A MOUNTAIN FIRE

On their annual "hike" over the Pioneer Trail this year, the M. I. A. Scouts assisted in successfully quenching this fire which was creating havoc on one of the hills. Through their efforts hundreds of acres were saved. Hon. Anthony W. Ivins, National Committeeman, took his place on the fire line with the boys.

# The "Higher Criticism" and the Variant Names for God in the Bible

BY ROBERT C. WEBB

## II

It is perfectly admissible to assume, however, that the name Jehovah was added to that of Elohim by some later scribe, who also introduced it in the forty-two other passages in the Book of Genesis, where, as asserted in the previous article, it does not properly belong. It is quite impossible to deny that the text of Genesis has been altered in some particulars in other passages. If it has been altered here also, we find a perfectly consistent and intelligible explanation for the act. Nor is the admission of this fact any allowance of the further claims of destructive "critics", who begin by urging this frivolous ground of "differing names of God" as the basis of their preposterous fabric of presumption.

In spite, however, of the "microscopic analyses" of "higher critics" in their efforts to "rationalize" the Bible, they failed at the very start to notice the nearly unique structure of the second and third chapters of Genesis, which should forever destroy in the mind of any thinking person all suspicion that these chapters can possibly be from a "document" different from the first chapter, on the basis of the "different name for God". The name for God, as demanded by the grammatical construction, in the second and third chapters is *Elohim*, precisely as in the first. If, therefore, we are required to advance any theory whatever in the premises, we should assert, without qualification, that the name Jehovah had been added later, as the result of such an "after-thought" as we have indicated above.

The ground of such a conclusion may be briefly explained. In the second and third chapters we shall find that the title "Lord God", or Jehovah-God, is used twenty times, eighteen times as the subject of a verb. It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that this same compound name is not used as a verbal subject half as many times again in the whole of the remainder of the Old Testament. In other words the compounding of these two words is very nearly exceptional in Hebrew literature. They occur in close juxtaposition, to be sure, in 880 different places in twenty-nine separate books of the Old Testament, but the relation is properly that of apposition, or the construction in which the two words are used as synonyms, and may be separated by a comma,

rather than of compounding, in which they may be joined by a hyphen, as written above.<sup>3</sup> This fact of apposition of the two words is recognized by the Revisers, who indicate it in most cases.

The full force of the above-mentioned distinction may be understood when we indicate the fact that, out of the 880 occurrences of the juxtaposition of *Jehovah* and *Elohim* fully 840 cases show the word *Elohim* in the "construct state", which is to say standing in closed relation to a succeeding word, or a suffixed word, which in another language would stand in the genitive case (that is in the "of" case). Now, in the Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, and other Indo-European languages, such *succeeding word* would be modified in form to indicate the genitive, or possessive, case. Thus we may say in English either "the gods of the Egyptians" or the "Egyptians' gods". In the first example the word Egyptians is governed by the particle "of", in the other, it is modified to form the possessive case. In Hebrew, however, the word "gods", in this sentence, would be the one modified, so as to give, literally, a form directly translatable as "the gods-of the Egyptians", the modification being in the object of the possession, not in the possessor. So, also, when constructed with pronouns, nouns take suffixes indicating the person and number (also the gender) of the indicated possessor or possessors. Thus, among the several constructions of *Jehovah* and *Elohim*, we have the following:

The Lord, thy God, *Jehovah Elohe(y)-ka* (literally, "God-thy").

The Lord, your God, *Jehovah Elohe(y)-kem* (literally, "God-your").

The Lord, our God, *Jehovah Elohe(y)-nu* (literally, "God-our").

The Lord, God of your fathers, *Jehovah Elohe(y) abothe(y)-kem* (literally, "God-of fathers-your").

The Lord, God of the Hebrews, *Jehovah Elohe(y) ha (h)Ibriyim*.

These examples serve to enforce the contention that in the majority of cases *Jehovah* and *Elohim* stand in "apposition", rather than as two members of a compound name, as in Genesis II and III. We have become habituated, to be sure, to considering the expression "Lord God" as a quite logical compound, comparable to the English "King-Emperor", for example, as applied to the sovereign of Great Britain or Austria, but it is necessary that we remember that the Hebrew form thus translated means nothing of the kind, except for the nearly superstitious habit of the ancients of reading the word *Adonai*, "lord", wherever the name *Jehovah* occurs. In strict accuracy the case

<sup>3</sup>According to careful count of the passages in the Hebrew Bible containing the name *Jehovah* and the title *Elohim* in close relation, we find that such juxtapositions occur, as follows: Genesis, 26 times; Exodus, 39 times; Leviticus, 30; Numbers, 6; Deuteronomy, 308; Joshua, 56; Judges, 14; Ruth, 1; I Sam., 21; II Sam., 10; I Kings, 48; II Kings, 28; I Chron., 29; II Chron., 86; Ezra, 13; Nehemiah, 9; Psalms, 39; Isaiah, 19; Jeremiah, 59; Ezekiel, 8; Daniel, 3; Hosea, 7; Joel, 8; Amos, 4; Jonah, 3; Micah, 4; Habbakuk, 1; Haggai, 3; Zechariah, 4. Total, 886.



is precisely similar to the use of the expression "King George of England", which is properly equivalent to "George, King of England", the proper name and title being in apposition, and is in no sense grammatically equivalent to any such expression as "King-Emperor of Great Britain", in which the two titles are compounded in order to indicate the fact that this George combines in his official person the functions of both orders of sovereignty. In the same way the expression *Adonai Elohim*, which occurs a few times, may be held to indicate a compound expressing the idea that the "Lord of mankind" and the "Ruler of the Universe" are dignities combined in the One Person, the God of Israel. On the other hand, the expression *Adonai Jehovah*, which occurs over 300 times through 15 separate books of the Bible, as we shall see later, and is also translated "Lord God", is such a compound of title and proper name as would be comparable to the expression "King George", without qualifying successive words.<sup>4</sup>

In addition to these 840 cases of evident apposition, the double name *Jehovah Elohim* occurs in "unconstructed form" only nineteen times in the whole Bible, in addition to the twenty times already mentioned in the second and third of Genesis. Of these cases seven are properly vocatives, preceded by the interjection "O"; two are appositives after the verb "to be"; two are direct objects of verbs; five are governed by prepositions, "of", "for", "from", "against", and in three cases only is the compound the subject of a verb, as in the earlier chapters of Genesis. Surely these facts are amply sufficient to demonstrate our previous contentions regarding this compound in Genesis. For the better information of the reader, we quote from the passages in question, as follows:

II Sam. vii. 22—Wherefore thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like thee.

II Sam. vii. 25—And now, O Lord God, \* \* \* \* do as thou hast said.

I Chron. xvii. 16—Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house?

I Chron. xvii. 17—Thou hast regarded me \* \* \* \* O Lord God.

II Chron. vi. 41—Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting place.

II Chron. vi. 41—Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation.

II Chron. vi. 42—O Lord God, turn not away the face of thine anointed.

I Kings xviii. 37—That this people may know that thou art the Lord God.

<sup>4</sup>The compound *Adonai Jehovah*, either as the object of direct address or as the subject of a verb, occurs, as follows: Genesis, 2; Deuteronomy, 2; Joshua, 1; Judges, 2; II Sam., 6; I Kings, 2; Psalms, 7; Isaiah, 25; Jeremiah, 14; Ezekiel, 215; Amos, 21; Obadiah, 1; Micah, 1; Zephaniah, 1; Zechariah, 1. Total, 301.

II Kings xix. 19—That all the kingdoms \* \* \* \* may know that thou are the Lord God.

Exod. ix. 30—I know that ye will not yet fear the Lord God.

Psalms lxxii. 18—Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel.

I Chron. xxii. 1—This is the house of the Lord God.

I Chron. xxii. 19—Arise therefore, and build ye the sanctuary of the Lord God.

I Chron. xxix. 1—The palace is not for man, but for the Lord God.

II Chron. xxvi. 18—Neither shall it be for thine honour from the Lord God.

II Chron. xxxii. 16—And his servants spake yet more against the Lord God.

Psalms lxviii. 18—That the Lord God might dwell among them.

Psalms lxxxiv. 11—For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory.

Jonah iv. 6—And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah.

Among these cases, one passage, I Kings xviii:37, is exceptional in the fact that the definite article appears before the word *Elohim*. This fact, undoubtedly, caused the Revisers of the Old Testament to render the passage, "That this people may know that thou, Lord, art God", in place of the above rendering from the King James Version. Precisely the same condition exists in I Sam. vi:20, and caused the Revisers to render it with "Who is able to stand before the Lord, this holy God?" instead of with "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?" as in the King James.

When we consider the fact that, out of the 880 cases of the occurrence in close juxtaposition of the name *Jehovah* and the title *Elohim*, only 39 cases (counting those in the second and third chapters of Genesis) show the words in true compound relation (apparently), or in the "absolute" or "unconstructed" state, as grammarians might term it, it is perfectly admissible to hold that this mere 4 per cent of the total shows a distinct irregularity—it certainly shows a very rare combination. Since, however, we are dealing with the opinions of "critics" who do not hesitate to assert that all kinds of changes have been made in the text of Scripture, we may reasonably assume that these nineteen cases outside of Genesis—this mere 2 per cent of the total—distinctly suggest changes from the regular "constructed form" found in 96 per cent of all cases in which the words in question occur in the same immediate context. In order to support such a supposition, we may cite the following selected passages, which are as closely parallel to those previously quoted, as a cursory examination of the text will permit. Thus: (1) for vocative constructions, Judges xxi. 3; I Sam. xxiii. 10, 11; II Sam. vii. 27; I Kings iii. 7; viii. 23, 26; xvii. 20, 21; II Chron. vi. 14, 16, 17; xiv. 11; Psalms vii. 1, 3; xxx. 2, 12; xxxviii. 21; lxxx. 4, 7, 19 (compare also verse 14); lxxxiv. 8; lxxxix. 8; cix. 26; (2) for appositive constructions after the verb "to be", I Kings xx. 28;

I Chron. xvii. 26; Neh. ix. 7; (3) for objects of verbs, I Sam. xxv. 32; II Sam. xiv. 11, 17; I Chron. xiii. 36; (4) with governing prepositions, I Sam. iii. 3; v. 1, 2, 8, 10, 11; xiv. 18; II Sam. vi. 12; vii. 2; xv. 25, 29; xvi. 23; II Kings x. 31; I Chron. xxii. 6, 7, 11, 12, 19; II Chron. ii. 4; iii. 3; iv. 11, 19; v. 1, 14; xxix. 5, 7; xxxii. 17; (5) as verbal subjects, I Sam. xxv. 34; II Sam. vii. 26, 27; xii. 7; II Kings ix. 6. It will be noticed that in some of these passages we have the word "God" alone, and in others, the word "Lord" alone, while others again have a construct form with both. All are, however, regular constructions, and any of them may be considered the original from which the variations in the above-quoted passages were made.

Although there may be a few cases which even an extended and painstaking investigation of the original text has failed to detect, it is safe to assert that the twenty-one cases mentioned (18 in Genesis) are virtually the only ones in which the compound *Jehovah Elohim* is used as the subject of a verb. As the reader of the English Bible will note, however, the compound "Lord God" is repeatedly used as a verbal subject, most conspicuously in the Book of Ezekiel, where it occurs over 200 times. In these cases, and 100 others, however, we find the compound *Adonai Jehovah*, "Lord Jehovah", which, as already stated, is a perfectly logical and regular compound. We also find *Adonai Elohim*, the "Lord God", true to the translation, in a few other passages. [*cf.* Ezekiel xiv. 11 and xxxiv. 31, and Daniel ix. 4, 5, 9.] The compound *Adonai Jehovah* also occurs twice in Genesis (Chap. xv. 2 and 8), and furnishes a marked contrast to the address to Deity using *Adonai* only, as in Chap. xviii. 3, 27 and 30, by Abraham, and in Chap. xx. 4, by Abimelech.

In view of the facts specified above, and also of the "discrepancy" previously mentioned as between the statement of Exodus vi. 3 and the 42 "exceptions" in the Book of Genesis, we may assert with perfect confidence: (1) that if any changes whatever in the "names" of God have been made in the text of Genesis, they consist principally in the addition of the name *Jehovah* to the titles *Elohim* and *Adonai* (as in Chaps. ii, iii, xv) or in the substitution of *Jehovah* for either one of these, or for *El Shaddai*, wherever this name is spoken either by or to human beings;<sup>5</sup> (2) that the second and third chapters of Genesis positively do not contain a "different divine name", and, so far as this claim is concerned, are not from a "document" of separate

<sup>5</sup>In this connection it will be particularly convincing to compare the variant titles occurring in five theophanies, or appearances of God, as given in Genesis. In the first (xvii. 1) God says: "I am the Almighty God" (*El Shaddai*). In the second (xxvi. 24) He says: "I am the God (*Elohim*) of Abraham". In the third (xxviii. 13) He says: "I am the Lord God (*Jehovah Elohim*) of Abraham". In the fourth (xxxv. 11) He says: "I am God Almighty" (*El Shaddai*). In the fifth (xli. 3) He says: "I am God, the God of thy father" (*ha El Elohe abi-ka*, literally "the God, God-of father-of-thee"). In these cases, as in others in which different titles are used, there seems to be no consistent explanation for the variations. That they indicate separate sources, or "documents", is a supposition little less than frivolous.

origin to that in which the first chapter belongs, but use as the characteristic divine designation a compound which is altogether exceptional in Hebrew literature, and whose origin is best to be explained by the theory that the writer intended to perfectly identify Jehovah with the Creator *Elohim* of the first chapter; (3) that, on these grounds, we may hold that *Elohim* is the word for God in the second and third chapters, as in the first, as shown in Chap. iii. 3, 5, where it is used alone, as if the sacred and ineffable name of Jehovah should not be spoken by the mouth of the serpent "more subtle than any beast of the field". We may see, therefore, upon what a flimsy foundation is erected "scholarship's" Babel tower of the so-called "higher criticism" of the Bible.

### A Problem in Eve-olution

How big was Adam's apple, Pa,  
That halted in his throat,  
To show all down the centuries,  
Beneath his billy-goat?  
How happened it that Eve could gulp  
And swallow all o' hern,  
While Adam could not get his down  
By any twist or turn?  
The reason is, my little lad,  
That Adam was a frog,  
In throttle just about the size  
Of yonder polly-wog.  
The apple was not over large,  
But froggie's throat was small—  
No wonder modern science doubts  
He got it in at all;  
While Eve was woman from the first,  
She'd swallow anything—  
Apples, gossip, opera bar,  
Whatever luck might bring.  
This Adam was a rib of hers—  
A ribbon, it should read—  
(It beats the deuce how Bible words  
Get changed as times proceed!)  
There's been an Eve-olution, but  
It's all in Adam's race;  
Frog-like he rose by leaps and bounds,  
She could not keep the pace.  
So finally she fell behind,  
And, crowding to the van,  
This frog became the king of beasts,  
And called himself a man.  
Which of the twain now leads the chase?  
You say, my sight is dim;  
To me he seems a-chasin' her,  
And she a-runnin' him. FRANK OSWALD WARREN.



## Labor and Life\*

BY LOWRY NELSON, MEMBER SENIOR CLASS, AND EDITOR "STUDENT LIFE"

The position of the college graduate, with respect to his community and to his life's work, is one of the most perplexing and important questions which he is called upon to answer. And the manner in which he answers this part of his examination, will determine in large measure his success or failure, when he enters upon his post-graduate duty. Every person is a candidate

for success. A senior is more than that—he is a nominee—and whether or not he is awarded his degree in this field, will depend upon the amount of tact and force which he is able to summon in the solution of this problem.

The proposition, as suggested, has two parts. The first deals with the relationship of the college graduate to his community; the second has to do with his relationship to his life's work. The solution of either part must not be sought through the application of certain hard and fast rules. It is not a question of intellectual gymnastics—of juggling figures and mathematical ratios. It is purely and solely a question of *attitude*.

Eight years, the major part of which is spent in the schoolroom, tend very strongly to alienate us from the life of the world outside. The atmosphere of the college is different from that of the community. It is the difference between theory and practice, the abstract and concrete, the sentimental and the real. This condition has its



LOWRY NELSON

\*An address delivered before the Student Body and Faculty, during the Senior Chapel exercises, at the Utah Agricultural College, May 17, 1916.

influence on our lives. The education of the present century is tending to lessen this difference. The tendency is to bring the college and the community into closer touch.

The time was, but happily it is past, when college made "sissies" of men. Instead of preparing them for the practical responsibilities of life, it sent them out into the world strong in theory, perhaps, but pitifully and tragically helpless when it came to the application of those theories to the exigencies of life. There was insufficient correlation between education and living. The mind and the hand pursued divergent ways.

That tendency is being removed, but still our educational system is not free from it, and it is doubtful if it ever can be, so long as it is necessary for us to spend nine months out of every year, for eight years and more, inside the schoolroom poring over books and searching through documents. That tendency is the natural consequence of our necessary concentration of theory.

I simply call your attention to these facts to emphasize the possibility and the probability of a college graduate, even of our so-called practical education, going out unfitted to cope with the emergencies of life. He has been living in an environment different from the one into which he is about to step, and his success in that new field will depend upon his ability to adapt himself and accommodate his life to the needs and the life of that new environment. If he lacks the tact and the plasticity to accomplish these ends, his success is uncertain indeed.

This question of adaptability is peculiarly a demand upon the graduates of the agricultural colleges. Many of them go out into farming communities, proverbial for their conservatism. These men and women must watch their steps, lest they stub their toes or bump their heads against the "stand-pat" rocks along these country thoroughfares. The conflict between conservatism and progressivism is an old one, and one that is common to all the race. The college man is usually progressive, or at least, he ought to be. One of his chief concerns will be to see that he does not cause friction in the community.

This question of success is almost entirely a matter of the individual striking the proper attitude. If a person can hit upon exactly the right attitude, the world will hand him success on a silver tray. If he cannot, he has a hard row to hoe. The college man or woman must learn, above all other things, to correlate theory and practice, and assign to each its proper place in the scale of importance. An attitude of finality is dangerous. You cannot assume that everything is solved, that you hold the secrets of the universe in your head. Rather your motto should be this: "The last word has not yet been spoken."

We are receiving our training in an institution that boasts

of its ability to prepare men and women for the practical life; to do the necessary work of the world; and, to use another phrase often heard from this platform, "to dignify the common pursuits of life." It is splendid to be a part of this great national movement, with such high ideals of service; so far-reaching in its scope and influence; so prophetic in its aim, so sound in its principles. Thousands and thousands of men and women are receiving training annually under this system. Some are studying agriculture, some commerce, some home economics, and some engineering and mechanic arts, with a view to preparing themselves to perform better the work of the world.

This technical training is very important and highly necessary. We draw our inspiration from other sources than the thought. We draw our inspiration from other sources than the work in which we are actually engaged. We do not get it from our major subject. I believe that it is true that our enthusiasm to do the work connected with agronomy, engineering, mechanic arts, and home economics, does not emanate from those subjects themselves, but from the halo of art, literature, religion and philosophy with which we surround these ordinary things. Inspiration is power. It is the motive force of human life. There's power in art; there's power in literature; there's power in philosophy and religion. William James realized this fact, when he said that the people of this age were ceasing to pray, and as a result, a great source of energy had gone out of the world.

No student can afford to neglect the development of his imagination—his seeing sense. No educational scheme, if it hopes to accomplish its ideals, can afford to ignore this part of college training. The seal of this institution says that "Labor is Life," and if I can interpret it correctly, that is the message of the agricultural colleges. But labor without vision is not life; it is only existence. The workers of the world who lack vision, are victims of the monotony of their toil. The difference between drudgery and work, is imagination. And this is the dignifying element in these common pursuits of life. The highest life is lived only through the imagination, when we make dreams the concomitants of our work.

LOGAN, UTAH

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### Pay Your Fare

Success comes to him who waits, to him who labors and strives to do what is right, and never falters, though dark clouds hang over the skies. And yet, one may get disheartened, for heart-aches, all have to bear. So, watch each tender moment, improve it with kind deeds. This plan will pay the price of a fare on the road to Success.

LOGAN, UTAH

J. B. BEARNSON.



## Outlines for Scout Workers

BY DELBERT W. PARRATT, B. S.

### *XIII. The American Goldfinch*

A light broke in upon my soul—  
It was the carol of a bird;  
It ceased—and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard.—BYRON.

1. Name the two kinds of goldfinches found in Utah. In what part of our state is each found?
2. The American goldfinch is also known by what other four common names? Why is each applied to the bird? What is its scientific name and why is it so named?
3. Contrast male and female birds in size, song, and color. Why these differences?
4. Contrast their winter with their summer clothing, and tell why the difference.
5. Name at least five other birds belonging to the finch family.
6. Tell of the goldfinch's flight.
7. When, where, and of what do they ordinarily build their nests? Why build there?
8. Tell of the size, color, markings, and number of eggs.
9. Upon what does this bird ordinarily subsist?



10. Should it be protected? Give at least two reasons for your answer.

## HANDY MATERIAL

Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop  
From low hung branches; little space they stop,  
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek,  
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak;  
Or, perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,  
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.  
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray  
That naught less sweet might call my thoughts away  
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown  
Fanning away the dandelion's down.—JOHN KEATS.

Both the American and the Arkansas goldfinches are found in Utah. The former is scattered quite generally throughout our state while the latter is confined principally to the southeastern part. The American which frequents our immediate localities is often called the yellow bird because of its beautiful, yellow plumage. Some call it the thistle bird because it is so often seen in thistle patches, and to others it is known as the lettuce bird on account of its fondness for lettuce seed. Its charming, canary-like song as well as suggestive colorings have led many to mistake it for wild canary, and such it is often called by those not knowing its true identity.

Among bird students our American goldfinch is referred to as the *Astragalinus tristis*. Tristis means sad, and is suggested by the plaintive note made by the bird while it is in the act of flying, and *Astragalinus* has reference to the prickly plants upon whose seeds the finch so often feeds.

This, like all other finches, belongs to the sparrow family and is therefore somewhat closely related to the pine siskins, groesbeaks, buntings, sparrows, linnets, and towhees. It measures ordinarily about four and one-half inches in length and is consequently a little smaller than the English sparrow.

It is one of the most beautiful of all our birds. This is especially true of the male in the spring time, for then he appears in his best to attract the attentions of coveted females. At this season his gown is a clean lemon yellow and his peculiar little cap, his active wings, and much of his tail are a contrasty black. However, the somberness of wing and tail is enlivened by pleasing touches of yellowish white, supplementing the cheery yellow already mentioned, and satisfying the tastes of the most fastidious females.

The call note of our goldfinch is a long "S-w-e-e-t, s-w-e-e-t," and his plaintive wing song is a soft "Per-chic-o-ree, per-chic-o-ree." But his sweetest song is warbled during mating season to

ingratiate himself into the good wishes of some less concerned lady bird. On such occasions he bursts into wild, sweet, incoherent melody, expressing raptures somewhat after the manner of the canary, although his song lacks the variety and finish of his caged name-sake.

The female, a little smaller than the male, is brownish olive above and yellowish white beneath. During the time of mating she differs so much from the male in color and markings that one not familiar with the birds would be prone to consider them of different families. But as summer goes, the proud male changes from the "gayest of cavaliers to a modest Puritan." His charming love song ceases and he becomes so transformed that he is scarcely distinguishable from the quiet, subdued female. Few birds undergo a more pronounced change for mating purposes than does our male goldfinch. His attractive song and showy colors are decided menaces to his safety, but every spring, in spite of this, he insists on making himself heard and seen by the retiring, modest females. Later, however, when song and color have served their purposes, he sensibly adapts them to his subdued surroundings and thus, like the female, better protects himself from ever lurking enemies.

Unlike many other birds, the goldfinch almost never cleaves the air in straight lines. His flight is graceful, rhythmical, and undulatory. It, together with the sweet though sad "Per-chic-o-ree" notes, is a sure mark of identification and readily distinguishes the American goldfinch from all other birds of our fields, forests, and orchards.

During breeding season the mated birds are very considerate of and affectionate toward each other. They are fond of billing, singing, and hovering together. In true spirit they abide

"The gentle law that each should be  
The other's heaven and harmony."

For nesting sites, they prefer places near the ends of swaying horizontal branches, although at times they are content with the crotch of a tree, a bush, but more often with a dense thistle patch. A large thistle offers some protection to eggs and baby birds against snakes and other small animals which find no joy in climbing the prickly stalk.

The swaying branch yields to the wind and thus gives an up and down, to and fro motion that seems to appeal to the nesting birds. As a precaution against losing eggs, these wise little builders have learned the necessity of turning the upper edge of the nest slightly inward and thereby making it quite impossible for any of the eggs, even in severe storms, to roll out.

Lichens, moss, fine grass, and vegetable fiber are favorite

nest-building materials. These or part of them are so ingeniously woven together that the finished walls are remarkably smooth. Soft thistle and other plant down snugly lines the neatly built nest and in this are placed from three to six pretty, pale-blue eggs beautifully diversified with delicate purplish dots.

During breeding time the goldfinches are usually found in pairs. At other times they go in flocks. Ordinarily they are seen in orchards, gardens, meadows, and in places supporting thistles, wild lettuce, sunflowers, dandelions, cockleburs, docks, and other like seed producing weeds. From these troublesome weeds, especially the thistle, lettuce, and dock, the helpful finches get most of their food. However, they are by no means strictly vegetarian, for during spring and early summer they devour great numbers of flies, plant lice and small grasshoppers, and as weevil eaters they are among the peerless.

These beautiful and useful songsters spend the entire year in our midst. During the winter months they flock principally along our foothills and in open fields wherever suitable weed seeds might be obtained. At this season they are often mistaken for sparrows, but the light markings on wings and tail, the characteristic "s-w-e-e-t" call note, and the graceful uncertain flight should be sufficient to tell what they really are.

Of such a bird as our goldfinch, Shakespeare must have been thinking when he wrote:

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to lie i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

## The Recompense

BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

"Jean! Jean! Where are you? Kingsley's come."

Fifteen-year-old Bess came panting into the living room where Jean was arranging pink and white tulips in a tall vase.

"They were just coming from the station when I passed Branford's," the younger sister chattered on breathlessly, depositing her school books on the table. "My, but he's stunning! You'd better hurry and primp up. He'll be right over as soon as he tells his own folks hello. He nearly squeezed *my* hands off and said he'd see me again soon." Bess started toward the pantry.

Jean had felt herself grow dizzy at the expected news, and her fingers trembled as she went on with her task. Kingsley had come! Kingsley had come! The words rang sweetly through her brain and filled her with an exquisite ecstasy. And yet, how she dreaded to meet him!

They had been chums since childhood, Kingsley Branford and Jean Daniels. When he left five years before for a three years' foreign mission and two years at an eastern college, there had been no formal vows between them, and yet there was a tacit understanding that they were more than mere friends to each other. They had corresponded freely during his absence and Jean guessed well enough what the first meeting would be. She knew that Kingsley would want to claim her for his own. She had read it between the lines of recent letters he had written her.

And how was she going to tell him that she had decided never to marry? How was she going to make him understand her point of view? That it was really the most reasonable thing to do for the ultimate happiness of them both?

The girl knew the task was not going to be an easy one. She did not try to hide from herself the fact that she loved Kingsley Branford, and usually when two healthy, normal young people such as they, love each other, marriage is the natural result.

Jean placed the vase of flowers on the piano, straightened the books on the table, wiped an imaginary particle of dust from the back of a chair, then started up to her room.

"Never mind about hurrying too fast, Jeanie," came Bess' dough-nut-muffled voice from the pantry. "I'll be glad to entertain him for you."

"All right, Babe. Be sure to tell him that Aunt Mattie



don't 'prove 'o him, 'cause he hollers so loud and teases his sisters," she laughed, recalling a joke of past years.

A half hour later, as Jean was tucking a white tulip into the pink girdle of her dress she heard the door bell ring. Her pulses quickened at the sound of the deep, familiar voice as Bess opened the door.

"Hello. I told you I'd be over soon," was Kingsley's greeting. "Any of the other folks home?"

"Father's at the office and the boys are all away, but I believe Jean is around somewhere. I don't suppose you'd care to see her, would you?"

"Well, I might tell her hello if you can find her."

Jean started down the hall. Bess met her on the upper landing.

"My, you look sweet, Jean. I wish I were you. King's a regular prince. Go on and have a good time. I'll get supper and do everything." Romantic little Bess gave her sister an adoring squeeze as she pushed her toward the top of the stairs.

A second later Jean caught her first glimpse of the broad-shoulders, the dark, sleek head and strong, manly face of Kingsley waiting eagerly there in the hall below. She had not been able to realize before how much they both had changed in five years. They had seemed mere children when he had gone away. It was a mature man waiting for her now. For a moment her head swam. Could she do it? She must! He turned and looked up at her and Jean knew she would remember to her dying day the look that leaped into the dark eyes. It was like a glow from paradise, and set her body quivering with mingled pain and rapture. He came to meet her with outstretched hands, and as she placed hers in his warm clasp he whispered, "Jean! Jean!" His voice was vibrant with a subdued, reverent passion that made the girl thrill. Could she do it? She must! The words blurred through her consciousness. Then she felt him drawing her to him. She knew his first kiss was waiting to be pressed upon her lips, and how she longed to feel its rapturous warmth. But she must not! She had no right to taste that bliss with that other firm resolve gnawing in her breast. She drew herself away and tried to speak naturally, but her lips were dry and her voice shook with the inner struggle she was trying to conceal.

"Forgive me, dear," Kingsley whispered, releasing her. "But I've waited so long for you! I'm like a famished man. I want the feast all at once. Get your hat and let us walk."

Mechanically she obeyed. She had not fully realized how sure Kingsley had been of their relations. She had not dreamed how hard it was going to be to deny herself the love of this noble man. To steel her wavering resolution she repeated over again,

"I must, I must!" trying to recall the mental pictures which had decided her.

They walked down the path from the Daniels home and out toward the suburbs of the city. Then they turned in the direction of the foothills. Jean said little, but Kingsley kept up a lively stream of comments on the numerous changes he was discovering in the familiar scenes of the old home place. All the time he was feasting his eyes on the fresh, young beauty of the girl at his side.

"Let's go out to the Bend," he suggested. The Bend was a picturesque curve in the river which ran at the foot of the mountain a quarter of a mile away. It almost formed a tiny island, which, with its grass and rocks and trees had always been a favorite retreat in the history of the town.

It was a calm, clear afternoon of early May. The air was filled with the sweet, subtle sounds and perfumes of spring.

Kingsley, too, became silent as they entered the quiet woodland bordering the river. Wild sweet-peas and columbines and spring beauties made tiny patches of contrasting brightness here and there in the grass and among the rocks and brown masses of last year's autumn leaves. When they reached the Bend, Kingsley led the way to a fallen log beneath a cluster of maple trees. They had often been on the spot before. He drew Jean down on the seat beside him, but he no longer seemed at ease. For a time he sat picking up tiny, flat pebbles from the ground, sending them skimming across the water. The girl watched him. She noted with a dull remembering pain, the jagged scar still visible across his right hand. It told the story of a little boy's struggle with a vicious dog one day back in the vanishing years. It was the story of a courageous little boy who had risked himself to save a little girl playmate. Jean had been that little girl. She felt a fierce longing to take that big strong hand and kiss the jagged scar. How could she, oh, how could she hurt this comrade and protector of all her childhood days as she knew she was going to hurt him soon! And yet, she assured herself once more, she must! She had thought it all out in long, dark, sleepless hours and it was the only way to avoid misery and disappointment for them both.

A redheaded woodpecker was hammering industriously on a tree behind them and a pair of sparrows were chattering noisily above. But neither Jean nor Kingsley heard them. At last he spoke.

"Do you see the bank over there where we used to play house when mother brought us out here for picnics?" Jean nodded.

"I believe I still see a remnant of the fire-place I built for you and your doll babies. I remember I undertook the task against my will, but you insisted that a fire-place was an absolute necessity to keep the baby's feet warm, so of course it was built. I can

almost see you now sitting on a little stump before that crude fire-place, with an improvised doll in your arms. Or I can shut my eyes and see you busily stirring up a mud pie for my supper, or industriously polishing your rock glass and china ware."

Kingsley's eyes had become dreamy. He could not know how his words smote the girl. Jean sat with gripping hands, staring blankly into the stream gliding by with its soothing murmur of music which was lost on their ears.

"What a wonderful little housekeeper and wife and mother you were even in those days," the man went on musingly. "I've always liked to think about those times and to dream about the days when it would no longer be play that I should see you, but in a real home with a real chimney that I had built for you. I've loved to picture you stirring up real pies for my supper; polishing real glass and china and sitting before a real fire-place warming our baby's feet."

"Don't!" Jean's face had gone white and she put out her hand in protest as if she would ward off another blow he might deal her. Kingsley regarded her in surprise.

"Why, dearest, I've been waiting five long years to tell you this. When can it be, Jean? When can we start playing house in earnest? Jean, my little Jean!" He reached for her hand and tried to draw her to him.

"Kingsley," the girl's voice was broken, "I know you will not be able to understand, but—but—I have—decided never to marry."

He sat staring at her for several seconds, unable to comprehend.

"Jean," he cried at last, unable to see but one reason for her words, "Jean, then you do not love me? There is another?"

The man's deep pain looked out from his dark eyes. "I have always been so wrapped up in my love for you that I never dreamed that there was a possibility of your not caring; that there was a possibility of your caring for someone else."

"But I do care. There never has been anyone else," she protested, choking back a sob. He looked at her wonderingly.

"Then I don't understand. If you love me why can you not marry me? I don't say that I'm worthy of you. I don't believe any man is. But I've always been straight. You know that, Jean. I couldn't have been anything else, loving you as I have all these years. I'm not rich, of course, but I am young and strong and have the world before me. I'm sure I can take care of you, and Jean, I—I—love you and need you so, dear. Why is it you cannot marry me?"

"O Kingsley, I know I cannot make you understand. I can hardly understand it myself sometimes, but I—I—don't want to

—marry.” He sat waiting for her to go on, but she was silent so long that at last he spoke.

“Is it a career, Jean?”

“No, no, it isn’t that. I don’t know how to tell you.”

“I always thought you were exactly the kind of girl who *would* want to marry. You seemed to have all the natural instincts of the ideal home-maker and wife and mother.” She winced at the last word.

“I have the instincts all right. It isn’t that. I’d love it all, but I’m—I’m afraid.” He looked at her searchingly for a moment.

“Of motherhood?” he asked at last, in a low tone.

“Yes.” Her voice faltered and she did not look at him. “It is not of the physical pain. It is the continual sacrifice and burden and responsibility. The load looks too heavy. The price seems too great. If I were perfectly strong it might be different, but I can see just how it would be. It would be mother’s sad case over again. Thousands of other cases, of course, too, but mother’s I can always see best.”

The girl’s words seemed to revive her assurance that she was right. “Can’t you see it, Kingsley? Mother was as strong as I am when she married, but the babies came so close together and they couldn’t afford much help. I can remember how tired and worn out and nervous she always seemed. That is what I seem to remember most about her now. She didn’t have time to play and sing with us children. We were a continual heavy burden, costing her all the pleasures of life and in the end life itself. She was bound to the rack of motherhood! I don’t feel equal to it all. Those long, faded years of pain and sacrifice.” She stopped speaking, but she did not look up. She sat toying with a blade of grass she had pulled from the moss at her feet. The man’s face had grown grey with the disappointment her words had given him. When he spoke again his voice was dry and harsh.

“Are you sure, Jean, that it is all ‘pain and sacrifice’? Do you think your mother, if she were living, would advise you to shirk the responsibility?”

“I’m sure she would not. That’s it. When women marry, the burden of motherhood seems to make them blind. They no longer see life as they did before.”

“Are you sure,” the man’s words came slow and studied, “that they become blind? Isn’t it just possible that motherhood opens their eyes to new values, new worths in life they were not able to see before? I can’t think that you are right, dear. It isn’t that I want to influence your mind against your will, much as your decision costs me; but I have always thought, and I still think that motherhood, even with its tremendous burden, its pains and sacrifice, as you say, is the grandest thing in the world.



To be the mother of a little child straight from the gates of heaven always seemed the divinest thing life had to offer. Are you sure, Jean, that you are not throwing away something very, very precious?"

"Don't Kingsley, please don't make it harder for me." The girl's lips were quivering, and tears were gathering on her lashes. "I've thought it all out in long, sleepless hours, over and over again. I'm sure I must be right, though just now it looks cowardly, and nothing more. It would be so easy to yield to you now—only to be sorry later. I must not do it!"

"No," he repeated slowly and with a deep sigh that told plainer than words how keen was his suffering and disappointment. "You must not do it if you feel like that. I only hope you may not be sorry for your decision when it is too late."

The words smote Jean's heart. She felt a strange longing to put her head on Kingsley's shoulder and cry away the choking lump in her throat. She almost wished he would take her in his arms and convince her against her will that she was wrong. But instead he arose quietly with a deep sigh and assisted her to her feet. His attitude was still courteous and gentle, but the lover in him had vanished. Jean felt that he must scorn her. "He thinks I'm only a weak coward," she told herself, and the thought added to the misery she already was suffering. The man was too much the gentleman to let her see how much she had wounded him.

With an effort he succeeded in keeping up a fragmentary conversation until they reached her home. At the Daniels' gate he turned and studied her pale face for a moment in silence.

"Jean, I'm going to ask you one favor for all these years I've been hoping and dreaming of—our future—together. It is that if—if you should ever come to—to look at things—differently, you will let me know. Good-bye." The next moment Jean was standing in dumb misery looking at his retreating figure.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come, daughter, get into the machine and go along with me. I have only a few calls this afternoon, then we'll take a little spin out into the country. The ride will do you good." Doctor Daniels was following Jean down the steps from his office.

"But I really should go to the stores and see about Bess' dress," she protested as he took her arm and led her to the waiting car. She had dropped into her father's office on her way down town to look over materials for her sister's graduating dress.

"Never mind the dress. Tomorrow will do for that. What I want is to see some roses in your cheeks again." He spoke lightly, but there was anxiety in his keen professional eye as he studied his daughter's face. The girl's suddenly developed apathetic condition baffled him. He guessed that Kingsley Bran-

ford's return home and his almost immediate departure to a northern city had something to do with it, though he little surmised in just what manner this was true. Dr. Daniels had been kept too busy providing the bread for his brood of motherless children during their growing up years to devote much time to their confidences. He had left all that to his sister who had lived with the family after the mother's death until Jean was old enough to take the responsibility of the home. When at last the doctor had more time to spend with his children he found it hard to step into a place he had never filled. With the boys he had succeeded very well, and his impulsive, vivacious younger daughter soon learned to love to come to him with her girlhood trials and joys. But with Jean it was different. Somehow he had not yet been able to penetrate the wall of reserve she held about her when it came to revealing her inner self to him. The father knew that something was troubling her. He knew that she needed not so much his professional skill as his paternal sympathy and guidance, but so far he had been given no opportunity to help her.

It had been nearly two months since that day Kingsley Branford had told Jean good-bye at her gate. The girl had suffered untold misery in that time. Her whole being seemed to cry out for the lover, the soul's mate, she had driven away, and yet her mind was still tortured by its old conviction that she had been right. She was torn between doubts and fears.

The doctor soon completed his calls and turned into the smooth country road. For a time after they left the suburbs he let the car skim smoothly over the road, then he brought it down to a slow, even movement which would permit of conversation. Jean sat listlessly looking ahead, showing no animation in the scene about her. The father knew by the pensive droop to her mouth and the far-away look in her hazel eyes that she saw nothing save her own problem. At last he laid his hand gently over hers as it rested in her lap.

"Can't my little girl tell father what is troubling her?" She looked up at him half startled by his question, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't tell me just now if you would rather not," the father added hastily, seeing her emotion. "But I want so much to know and to help you." He put on more speed and for a moment there was no sound save the soft purring of the big car. They were out in the sparsely settled country. The tiny farm houses were several miles apart. Each one looked entirely friendless and alone, Jean thought, tucked away in its cluster of shade trees and surrounded by patches of straggling fields.

When the car slowed down next time it was Jean who broke the silence.

"Father, do you think," she hesitated, as if searching for

words, "do you—think mother had a—happy—perhaps I should say a—a satisfying life?"

The father regarded her puzzled. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand," he told her.

"She always seemed so busy and tired. There were so many of us, you know, and she was not strong. Do you think the recompense she received for—motherhood was—worth all the pain and sacrifice—she suffered for it?"

Dr. Daniels regarded his daughter for some time in silence. A look of reverie crept into his face. At last he spoke.

"If you could have seen the look of heaven in your mother's eyes when her first-born baby girl was placed into her arms, you would not need to ask that question. If you could have seen that same holy look on six other occasions when your brothers and sisters were given to her—even her last babe for whom she gave her life; if you could have seen the glimpses of paradise in her face I have seen when she has been ministering to her children, or looking into their faces when they were asleep, you would know she thought the recompense was greater than all the pain and sacrifice in the world. It is true she was not strong and her lot was hard, but as for the recompense—you must glimpse motherhood when it is first born, or when it is brooding over its God-sent gifts to understand its recompense, my dear. Sometime—" The doctor's sentence was cut short by the shout of a man who was coming frantically toward them from one of the little, lonesome farm houses beyond a shaded lane.

"Aren't you Dr. Daniels?" the man asked, breathlessly, coming up beside them.

"I am. What can I do for you?"

"My wife—it isn't her time for confinement for a week but she is sick now—very sick, and our doctor, Dr. Bryant, is away over to Mapleton. We can't even get the nurse we had engaged. She is off with a sick niece or something. You must help us, doctor, quick." The young husband's face was tense with anxiety and alarm.

"Of course I will help you," Dr. Daniels assured him. "You come too, Jean. Perhaps we will need you."

It was almost midnight. Dr. Daniels' car still stood beside the road leading up to the farm house. Inside Jean, white-faced and wondering, moved about the silent cottage, carefully following her father's directions. It had proved a serious case. The brave little woman was almost spent with pain and exhaustion. Jean's eyes were wide with pity and terror when they rested on the white, patient face. She had not dreamed it had to be like this. No wonder she had been afraid. And yet fear seemed far from the little woman. Somehow, when the girl's eyes turned to the agonized young husband, she thought of Kingsley Branford,

and realized in a vague, sweet way that any suffering would be joy to have him hovering near as this man did over his sweet-heart, his great, strong soul shining in his eyes.

There was a gray pallor on the doctor's face which told the girl how grave the situation was. At last he turned to her.

"Jean, do you think you can drive the car back to the city in the dark. I think we had better have Dr. Cary come out. Tell him to bring his instruments.

The husband groaned aloud and the wife opened her eyes comprehendingly. She whispered a broken question that made the girl wonder all the more:

"The—baby. Will it—live?"

To think that at a time like that in all her pain she should think not of her pain-racked self, but of her unborn child. Jean's eyes filled with blinding tears as she went into the next room for her wraps. She had never dreamed there could be a courage like that.

As she turned back for her father's final instructions she heard a new stir in the sick-room. Her father's relieved voice reached her.

"We won't need Cary after all. Bring me some hot water, Jean and some towels." She hurried back to her post. A moment more of agony, and then there was a shrill, lusty cry. Jean thought she had never heard so sweet a sound in her life before. She felt as if she were standing in the holy of holies where a divine miracle was being wrought. How could she ever have thought any price too great to pay for the privilege of bringing a little child into the world. She saw the woman's pain-drawn face suddenly become transfigured with a beautiful joy. She saw the look of reverent love and awe shining in the young husband's tear-filled eyes. Somehow she felt as if she wanted to pray. The wonder and miracle of it all grew upon her as at her father's directions she took the little scrap of soft, warm babyhood and dressed it in the dainty clothes the mother's fingers had so lovingly prepared. A vision of the wonderful possibilities of that tiny being flashed before her and she trembled with the wonder of it all. And this was motherhood! How paltry and foolish all else had suddenly grown! Her eyes were opened to its blessed, grand sublimity and she knew how blind she had been before.

It was she who carried the little one to his mother's bed. It was then she glimpsed what her father had called a reflection from paradise. She turned away. Her heart was running over. *And her mother had looked at her like that.* It was the coming of that greater vision Kingsley had mentioned.

Kingsley—her soul cried out for him in tender yearning. She wanted him. She wanted to tell him that she was not afraid, now—that she could see the glorious recompense of motherhood!





NINTH WARD M. I. A. BOYS' BAND

This is a picture of part of the Ninth Ward M. I. A. Boys' Band, of Salt Lake City, Utah, sent to the ERA by the presidency of that ward association. The organization is made up of Ninth Ward boys, most of whom are under the age of 18. On the first of March, of this year, not one of the boys knew how to play or handle a musical instrument, yet, as a result of hard work and honest effort, they were playing in public before mutual closed in April. At the present time it is one of the most progressive boys' bands in the State.

The success of the band is due to the hard work of its members, and to the untiring efforts of Brother W. A. Jackman, conductor. He not only organized the band, but also taught the members how to play their instruments.

Band organizations for the study and execution of instrumental music, are among the interesting and attractive activities of the Y. M. M. I. A., and there should be more of them. What are you doing in your ward in this line?

## Going Home to Willard

A REMINISCENCE BY EVAN STEPHENS

Like a weary toiler, at the end of a long day's labor, laying aside his tools and wistfully turning his gaze homeward with a dream of dear ones and cherished things before him, hastening his steps, so I, at the end of nearly forty years of labor and absence from the home of my youth, lay down my baton, and, in imagination, turn my eyes of memory back to the happy scenes of boyhood and early manhood, as if there were rest there for me now, when formerly activities were so alluring and sweet to me. You say, why in imagination? Why not make it a reality? Why, indeed, attempt the impossible? The little town is still there, nest-



THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS AT WILLARD

ling under its great, towering cliffs rising six or seven thousand feet above it, on the east, and the great Salt Lake shimmering at its feet, to the west, like a great mirror. Its grass-grown streets, and its peaceful little homes embowered in fruit and shade trees, are all there; even more, a few of the dearest of my heart's treasures, what the years have left of them (like myself) are still there. But my youthful paradise to which I am returning can be reached now only by imagination, and seen only through memory's lens; so, I prefer for the present to return to youth's fond dream, as lived between forty and fifty years ago, rather than to the present site of the by-gones.

There are many spots on the way between the great temple and tabernacle at Salt Lake City and Willard that have faint associations, even with that prime one, sixty miles away to the north. For instance, I see coming over the "sand ridge" a group of wagons filled with the merriest crowd of singers in the world—my Willard choir, on their way to the "fall conference" to sing with the choir at Salt Lake. And near the "Hot Springs" I come upon ground made very familiar indeed with the memories of toil and visits weekly, on foot and on handcar, as a railway section hand for four years. Scores of incidents connected with my fellow-laborers and chums come up, but I hasten past them to still more cherished things. Within a half mile of the real Willard (I am back in my thirteenth year) I find the old Taylor home on one side of the road, backed by those great, steep foothills upon which I herded sheep, and even dragged loads of cedars down their steep sides by hand. While, like an unevenly drawn line, extends the old stone wall which I helped to build, clear up to the south end of town. And there I see, through memory's dim veil, dear old Shadrach, with little Evan near by, piling the stones to their places, the while hearing some of those wonderful tales of great musicians which the boy is absorbing in that hot July sun. Every once in a while I am casting a longing eye over the sand lot to the house beyond, where Mary is busy making the daintiest, flakiest pies in the world for dinner. That sand lot! My first and hardest day's plowing! I still remember the long, weary nightmare of the following night, during which old Tom and Jerry pulled me and the plow in every direction but in the straight furrows I wanted to make. Here winds the road over which many and many a time I and Eveline walked or ran home hand in hand, some times from spelling schools, singing as we traveled. I later to be supplanted by Big John, not so much to my regret, as I really loved Big John quite as much as I did his sweetheart.

But here I am at Willard City, south entrance. Every house seems a part of the history of that little chap I used to think to be myself. To my right is the little log hut we first occupied on our arrival in "the valley." I see my dear old mother tidying the only room. An old dry goods box or two, neatly covered with paper, with some cheap, beflowered piece of goods, neatly draped around the three sides of it, serving for cupboard, dresser, etc. One or two small, plain chairs, and a box or two, served for seats. A home made bed in one corner, and my bedding rolled up in another, on the floor, a very small stove, all mostly fitted up by my brother, Tom; soil enough on the roof to make a roof garden, a nest of tarantulas, and a snake or two, completed the collection of living things. A nice little peach orchard, in fruit,

surrounded it. Across the way was a slightly larger home where I first worked for my board. And still, in another corner, lived the choir leader I most loved, and from which I saw him pull away within a couple of years, to my great sorrow, to live in Malad. I see now the little, poorly-clad boy, on the mountain above, herding sheep, crying his heart out at the loss. Some years later, the same boy used to bring his "lady love" home nights to this first little corner home.



EVAN STEPHENS AND HIS  
MOTHER

twelve years of real life in Willard. Up at daylight, through work at dark, chores done, away to the meetinghouse to choir, meetings, rehearsal, dance, Sabbath school. How we raced home together, both too fleet-footed for one to beat the other to the stackyard, where we shared the genial work of attending to the horses in summer, and the cows as well, in winter. That stackyard! There we slept in summer. I can hear him whistling a tune now, as he returns from his sweetheart. I was always home first.



EVAN STEPHENS AND HIS FRIEND  
JOHN J. WARD

And the people across the way became like most others in Willard, sort of second parents to me. Their eldest daughter, the sweetheart of my best and only chum, John. Ah, the very mention of the name lands me in the very center of everything connected with this paradise. Without "John" nothing was worth while. With him, everything; even the hardest toil was heaven. What a treasure a chum is to an affectionate boy! From him I radiate to everything else during the



There still stands the little tithing granary, over the wheat bins of which on a temporized board floor I had my little cabinet organ. And we, the glee club of six, three girls and three boys, held our singing practice, where we even learned some of the great Mendelssohn's part-songs, and some fine Welsh glees. The girls had gallantly to be helped up over the well-filled wheat bins. Now I see us tugging away at a little sled over the snow, with the aforesaid only organ in town carefully placed thereon, up to the meetinghouse to prepare the choir for a grand concert at which I had my only special training for my appearances as conductor at the great Tabernacle, temple, festival hall, Chicago, Madison Square Gardens, New York, and not least, the White



THE OLD TITHING GRANARY, WILLARD

House, at Washington! It was doubtless giving a hand to those girls to climb the wheat bins that led me to do likewise to such queens of song as Nordica, Melba, Gadske, and others, apparently to their satisfaction.

But why leave my Willard just yet. Oh, the joy of pioneering, the breeding of resourcefulness, the learning not only that "where there is a will there is a way," but the having of the will. Opportunities were not waited for in Willard. A gallon of molasses paid for a term of singing school, sixty bushels of wheat paid for a cabinet organ, quite as useful in its way as the sixty-thousand dollar one now in the tabernacle. Did we need new music suited for an occasion? If so, we made it. Did we fear criticism? Just enough to seek it. It was our habit to appoint three wise men to sit at our concerts and give a just judgment in writing to us on every performance. Music held its complete and right place, but by no means excluded other useful things; besides there were all the regular organizations of the Church which were all generally attended.

The dances were regular events—the central social functions of courters and courted. The drama flourished as it certainly could not have done more since Shakespeare's time. With "Bob"

and me for authors and comedians, John for villain, aye, and all of us for scene painters, with Chandler, Cordon, Cook, Brunker, Jones, Hubbard and others for leading male roles, we could not outshine in the least our splendid talent in "leading ladies"—Helen, Gwenn, Mary, Sarah, Annie, Mary Anne, and others. Our range of plays ran all the way from "The Idiot Witness," "Old Honesty," through "Ingomar" and the like classics, to the home-made article. The enthusiasm of our auditors was enough to enable us to rise to considerable heights of realism, which created many an impressive "Oh" to reach us even on the stage.

And here I am at the dear old house where it all took place. It is not all joy even in memory. There are heartaching tragedies lurking among the happiness of it all.

Just over there on the "square" stood the "bowery." Here I saw Brigham Young and heard him preach. Later in the same bowery I heard with astonishment the veteran George Goddard declare to the congregation, whom he and Brother Willis had just delighted with "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," that, "You good people of Willard need not think you can keep this young man to yourselves. A wider field awaits him." After the meeting a lady friend, still living there, said to me most earnestly, "Don't leave us, Evan. You can be loved nowhere as you are here. Here you just belong to every one of us." She was not far from the truth, but it appears that Brother Goddard was not far wrong in his prediction.

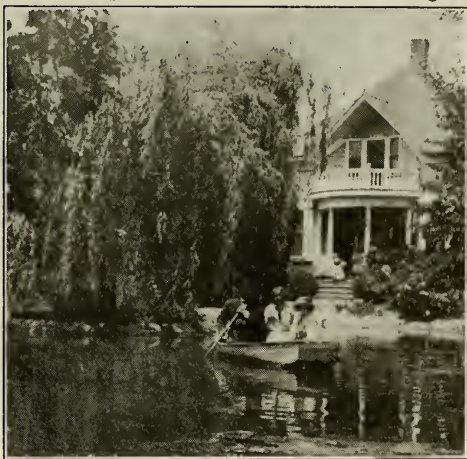
Then the place on West Street, which I bought from Brother Dan, in my twentieth year! Only two rooms, and a roof garden of wild flowers; but what memories! It soon became the rehearsal and class home, called jocularly the "opera house on West Street." As many as fifty youngsters would rehearse operettas here; the young people's singing class would study an hour and a half, then spend another hour in pleasantries, even playing snow-balling with little red apples, sometimes. The grand orchestra of five instruments perfected their work there. L. D. Edwards and R. B. Baird studied harmony, counterpoint, and composition there. The two old chums alternated between there and the old stack-yard and the home of the bishop. Everybody came there when occasion required, and every child or young person between ten and thirty apparently considered Evan and his home their own particular property. It was always a "house of order" when work was on, though discipline was not insisted upon when lessons were over. Where are they all? The dear old song tells much of it in,

"Time goes on and the happy years are dead,  
And one by one the merry hearts are fled."

But that wonderful little community of a few hundred has

become the backbone of a score of the best communities of north-western Utah and southern Idaho. And I dare say there isn't one left living that, if need be, but would share the home with "Evan" today. Their boys and girls have grown up to seem as much mine now as they were then, even though we have been long separated.

This is already a long story, but the one written in my heart is many times longer, and some of it even too sacred to be told freely only to myself. In the panorama that passes before my view, what a host of well-loved forms dot the scene—all on their way, like myself, to the great crossing. Many, indeed most, have safely crossed, prominent among them, with a great sheaf of reward left behind him, was the ever energetic and encouraging school-master, Charles Wright. What life and action he planted all around him! But I must go no further, my story would be-



EVAN STEPHENS' HOME, SALT LAKE CITY

come a volume of names, all deserving a place. Dear reader, story tellers are great frauds, they tell you far less than they conceal, notwithstanding their long-drawn-out yarns. Just so with me. While I touch upon a number of things that are ever present in my mind, in this little imaginary journey, there are many, many things never forgotten by me that my pencil knows but little about, so I shall again pack up my few "duds," and, as I did many years ago, board the train for Salt Lake, a place almost as dear to me now as Willard was thirty-odd years ago, but not to take up my old work this time, rather to look on at the performance of others in whom I am also deeply interested, notwithstanding they are not from Willard.



THE FINE HOME OF BISHOP SAMUEL J. ROBINSON

As it looked the morning after the looting of Colonia Dublan.

## On Villa's Trail in Mexico

BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

### II

When the Villa forces passed through Colonia Dublan, before his disastrous defeat in Sonora, the army consisted of about fifteen thousand soldiers and camp followers, with ten thousand horses. For twenty-five days this army was quartered on a community of not to exceed two hundred people. Fences were destroyed and used for fires, crops were damaged, and supplies taken, but no personal violence was inflicted upon anyone. The character of the men considered, it was a well-behaved army.

After the Sonora defeat these men came straggling back, disorganized, hungry, and many of them wounded. They blamed the United States for the failure of the campaign, and were in an ugly mood. Villa was not with them. He had crossed the Sierra Madre Mountains further south, and gone into the Guerrero district. At Dublan many of the Villa officers declared it to be their intention to abandon him, and go over to Carranza, and the rank and file were given permission to choose whom they would follow, with the result that there was a complete breaking up of the command, each man following his own inclination. Left without the controlling influence of officers, the soldiers assumed a very threatening attitude toward the colonists, and as night settled down it was evident that trouble was brewing. Toward mid-





THE UNION MERCANTILE, AT COLONIA DUBLAN

This was the largest mercantile house in the Casas Grandes District. It belonged to the colonists, and was looted of stock worth more than one hundred thousand dollars.

night the army broke up into small squads, and passing from house to house threatened, robbed, looted and burned. It was a night of terror to the defenseless people, but when morning came the soldiers were all gone, and it was found that no one had been injured. Many had narrowly escaped with their lives, shots had



THE BISHOP'S OFFICE AT COLONIA DUBLAN

Which was occupied by Villa troops while they were at the colony. The men shown are Villa soldiers.

been fired into houses where people were, and fires had been started in a number of fine homes, but only one was entirely destroyed, the home of Bishop Samuel J. Robinson, which had been looted and then burned, and his life sought by the looters.

After his unsuccessful raid on Columbus, Villa retreated over the road which leads from Palomas to Boca Grande, and on to Dublan, via Colonia Diaz, Ascencion, and Corralitos. At Boca Grande he killed the foreman of the Palomas Land and Cattle Company, an American, and going on to Corralitos executed the Polanco family, father and sons, because, he said, they were in the employ of Americans. He was now within fifteen miles of Dublan, and declared it to be his intention to kill all Americans, and Mexicans who were in American employ, in the district. The following day he moved his army to within a few miles of Dublan. During the night he broke camp and as he neared the settlement



"LONG LINES OF UNITED STATES TROOPERS FILED DOWN THE WESTERN SLOPES AND ESTABLISHED CAMP IN THE CASAS GRANDES VALLEY."

observed that lights were burning in many of the homes, and that a train was moving on the track near the station, from which he judged that soldiers were there prepared to give him battle, so he turned east, passed within gun-shot of the town, and on into the Galeana valley. He would go to El Valle, fifty miles away, he said, leave his wounded there, and then return and settle accounts with these "Mormons."

The facts are that the night he passed Dublan the people were peacefully sleeping, not aware that he was near; there were no soldiers in the Colony, and the moving train was a belated passenger, as defenseless as the people of the town.

The colonists were greatly alarmed, fearing that he would

carry out his threat to return and attack them. What a relief it was when, toward evening, without warning, long lines of United States troopers filed down the western slopes into the Casas Grandes Valley, and established camp near the colony. So rapid and silent had been the advance of these cavalymen that they reached Colonia Dublan, more than one hundred miles from the border, before either colonists or Mexicans knew that they were on Villa's trail.

Many knees bent in humble acknowledgment of the deliverance which had come, for these defenseless people knew that under the Stars and Stripes they were safe.

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### Lelah's Mother

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(A Birthday Poem)

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If I could backward go through all the years,  
Could bear thy meed of pain and grief and tears;  
Could gather up Life's thorns that pierced thy feet,  
And scatter flowers along thy way—  
Oh, then I might rejoice today!

And yet, if all the way were fair,  
If Time and Loss had left no trace  
Upon thy brow, thy face would never wear  
Its look of patient sweetness, so serene and mild,  
Thy life could never be, as it is now,  
A blessing to each child  
Of thine, O mother dear, of mine!

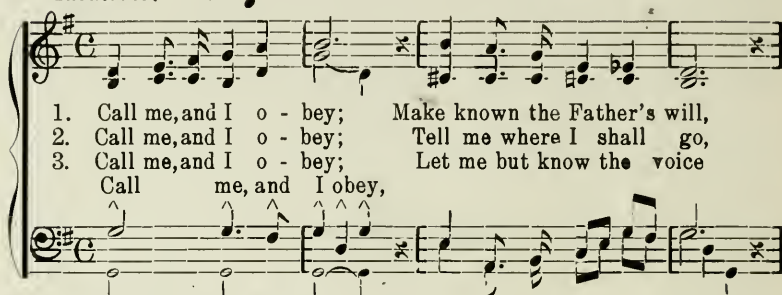
But sacrifices unto thee shall yield a recompense of joy  
When thy maternal eyes behold each noble girl and boy,  
For that great selfless love, a spark of fire divine,  
From high Omnipotence, that burns within that heart of thine  
And hallows, with its holy flame, the name of mother,  
That pure love doth only ask  
The good of those whom Deity doth give,  
And, knowing this, thine own shall strive to live  
All worthily before the Lord  
As thou—to whom we say,  
"Fond love and greetings, dearest one, on this thy Natal Day!"

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

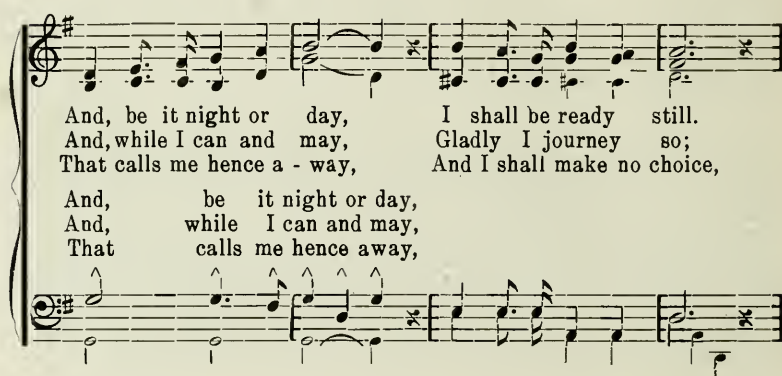
# Obedience to the Call

ONE OF TWELVE SONGS TO APPEAR IN THE ERA, COMPOSED ESPECIALLY FOR THE Y. M. M. I. A. JUNIOR BOYS,  
BY EVAN STEPHENS

*Moderato. Met.* ♩=84



1. Call me, and I o - bey;      Make known the Father's will,  
2. Call me, and I o - bey;      Tell me where I shall go,  
3. Call me, and I o - bey;      Let me but know the voice  
    Call me, and I obey,



And, be it night or day,      I shall be ready still.  
And, while I can and may,      Gladly I journey so;  
That calls me hence a - way,      And I shall make no choice,  
And, be it night or day,  
And, while I can and may,  
That calls me hence away,



Ready to do my best,      Tho' humble that may be,  
Gladly the task ful - fil,      Giv - en for me to do,  
Whether 'tis here or there,      On - ly to glad-ly be  
Read - - y to do my best,  
Glad - - ly the task fulfil,  
Wheth - er 'tis here or there,



My Father's high be - hest      Shall be obeyed by me.  
 I ask His guidance still,      To lead me straight and true,  
 La - bor-ing humbly where      The Lord hath work for me.

My      Father's high behest,  
 I      ask His guidance still  
 La - - bor-ing humbly where

*Rit.*

My Father's high be - hest,      Shall be o - beyed by me.  
 I ask His guidance still,      To lead me straight and true.  
 La - boring humbly where      The Lord hath work for me.

My      Father's high behest,  
 I      ask His guidance still  
 La - - bor-ing humbly where

Note.—The two upper parts should be sung by boys having “unchanged” (high) voices, generally between twelve and fourteen years of age. The bass—full notes—should be sung down by boys or men whose voices are changed. The small notes inserted are only for the piano or organ. The accompanist should play all parts, when a special part for the instrument is not printed. The exact speed in which a piece is sung has much to do with the effect of its rendition, and to get this every conductor ought to get a small tape metronome, to be had at any music store for 50c or less. Then by setting it at a number corresponding to that printed at the beginning he can get the correct general speed of the music.

Do not weary in getting the second part or alto well done. It is the most precious training for the boys. Also take pains to have the singers enter into the spirit of the words of the song. And rest assured I'll try and say something to the point in each song. They shall not be written merely at random, but for a purpose. All the work you will put in on “accidentals” you will be well repaid for in beautiful effects. Your brother, E. STEPHENS.

## Prohibition in Canada

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BY E. PINGREE TANNER

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July 1, 1916, marked the beginning of a new era in the history of Alberta, from a moral standpoint, at least; the night previous, at ten o'clock, every bar in the Province was closed permanently, and the right to traffic in the liquor trade, passed from the individual to the Government, which operates only two dispensaries, located at Calgary and Edmonton.

This splendid condition was brought about through the energetic efforts of the Alberta Temperance and Moral Reform League, after spending thousands of dollars in getting the required number of signatures attached to a petition, to the Provincial Government. The legislators at Edmonton immediately passed what is known as the Liquor Act, which was referred to the people for their approval or rejection. A heated contest at the polls followed, and all the liquor interests made a frantic endeavor to sustain their ill-begotten business; an overwhelming defeat was meted out to them, the majority of the people realizing that through the proper exercise of their suffrage a deadly blow could be delivered to the monstrous demon. The Liquor Act, while not entirely prohibitory, has such powers for the curtailment of rum, that it is impossible to obtain intoxicants unless shipped in from outside the Province.

During the month of July, the first month that the Act went into effect, not a single arrest for drunkenness was recorded in the city of Lethbridge, with its 12,000 population although previous to this each day brought its usual quota of drunks before the police magistrate. Business men, especially owners of clothing stores, testify of greatly increased sales, one instance is recorded of where a man, not being able to purchase intoxicants with his pay check, went to a clothing store with his family and outfitted them entirely with needed clothing.

The Latter-day Saints in Alberta are watching with keen interest the great awakening that is taking place in regard to prohibition in Utah, and believe that the pledging of the prospective law makers, to sustain the people's wants will be the means of striking at the root of the tree, and that our Mother State, will be relieved of being the dumping ground of criminals, through no longer countenancing the saloon with its attendant evil elements.

MAGRATH, CANADA

# The Meaning of Education

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BY DR. E. G. PETERSON, PRESIDENT UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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## *VI—The Ideals of the Schools*

The faculty of any publicly supported educational institution should construe itself to be primarily a body of hired men and women in the employ of the citizens of the State. Teachers should assume the attitude of servants merely. Such an attitude instead of belittling the profession of teaching will rather exalt it. To be great in service is to be truly great. Leadership in such service is true leadership.

Very revolutionary changes have been made in our educational system within the last three decades. Within this time the conception of the people as well as of educators has undergone a change from conceiving of education as a secondarily influence in the life of an individual, to conceiving of education as a primary influence. The old conception of an educated man was that he need not necessarily be a useful citizen, but rather that he be decorated with a profusion of so-called culture, frequently to the exclusion of practical things. The school system was something set apart entirely from life itself. Students consequently passed through the grades, the high schools, and the colleges with the firm idea of preparing themselves away from human affairs and of training themselves for the companionship of a select few who constituted a rather exclusive group of what may be called snobs of the intellect.

### NO USEFUL PLACE FOR SNOBS OF THE INTELLECT

The development of the last three decades has proceeded very vigorously along many lines of human activities, and not least in education. The coming of the people to a full realization of their power and their influence in the life of the state and the nation, has caused them to question not only our politics, our business and our social structure in general, but also our education. They have raised very pertinently the question of efficiency in our educational systems. They have asked if four years of high school and four years of college do not unfit rather than fit a man for the life which the majority of us must lead. As a result, educational institutions have been put to work and

those who have followed the situation closely cannot deny that a most salutary thing has happened.

One of the necessary effects of the practicalization of our education has been the introduction of agriculture into our schools, because agriculture is our most basic industry, the thing after all upon which all prosperity rests. A glance at statistics is sufficient to prove this. The State of Utah, according to the best data, has a total area of 52,598,000 acres. The State produces annually (taking a recent year as average) over 6,000,000 bushels of wheat, over 4,000,000 bushels of oats, over 1,000,000 bushels of barley, 204,000 bushels of rye, over 340,000 bushels of corn, 909,000 tons of hay, 3,600,000 bushels of potatoes, and over a half million tons of sugar beets. The State contains approximately 140,000 horses, 88,000 dairy cows, 356,000 other cattle, 85,000 swine and practically 2,000,000 head of sheep. The State in 1912 produced 46 bushels of oats per acre, the yield per acre in Utah being exceeded by that of only two other states. In 1913 the State of Utah produced on an average 180 bushels of potatoes per acre, the nearest competitor in the western states producing 170 bushels. Utah produces an average of 2.33 tons of hay per acre, the average production in the nation being 1.31. The yield per acre of sugar beets in Utah excels all other states.

These statistics are sufficient to indicate the enormous farm business of the State of Utah. It is very natural that the citizens engaged in this great industry, and with proper regard for the future welfare of the State, have indicated a desire to have the basic subject of agriculture introduced into their schools.

#### AGRICULTURE, A NATIONAL ISSUE

Agriculture is a national issue. The welfare of the nation is very nearly a matter of the welfare of the farm. The prosperity of the farmers means very nearly national prosperity. Good yields on the land mean prosperous business conditions. It is therefore important that the nation pay that deference to agriculture which the importance of the subject demands. We find as a result of a keen appreciation of the subject by the statesmen of the nation, that a nation-wide campaign for better agriculture and for permanent soil fertility has been undertaken. The entire organization known as the United States Department of Agriculture, with its influence reaching into every state, is a national defense against the wearing out of the soil and the wearing out of the people on the land. The nation-wide system of Agricultural Colleges is a local defense built for the same reason. Those who have followed the situation closely are firmly convinced that a wiser piece of legislation was never passed than the original Mor-



rill Act of 1862, creating Agricultural Colleges, and the supplementary acts thereto.

The population of the United States in 1900 was approximately 76,000,000. In 1910 it was approximately 92,000,000, an increase of 21%. The increase in crop production during the same period was only 10%. In 1902 we exported 31% of our wheat and wheat flours. In 1912 we exported only 13%. Our importation of crude food and crude animals in 1902 amounted to \$120,000,000; in 1912 to \$230,000,000, practically doubling in ten years our importations. Our imports of food stuffs, partly or wholly manufactured, in 1902 amounted to \$93,000,000; in 1912 to \$196,000,000. The number of beef cattle produced in this country has fallen off 32%<sup>1</sup> in six years, while the population has grown at the rate of 21%. It takes no keen observation to discern that we are approaching the limit of self maintenance. Arable land in the United States is about one billion acres. Land under cultivation is about five hundred million acres. We have about five acres of tilled land for each person. Economists maintain that our population will double in fifty years.

These statistics are startling in that they indicate the gigantic industrial problem which we are facing, the problem of intensive cultivation, of continuous soil fertility, and back of it all the problem of incorporating into our educational system the fundamental features of our agriculture, and building a permanent and high rural civilization. Our very welfare as a nation depends upon this.

#### PRACTICALIZE

The largeness of the problem is its very danger. We are apt to be intemperate in our introduction and in our support of this subject to the unwarranted exclusion of other necessary and fundamental things. Of recent years the demand has been very great for the introduction of agriculture into not only the college and high schools, but also the grades. It is believed by many that attention should be paid in the grades, not so much to the utilitarian subjects as to the basic subjects of mathematics, English, history, geography, and related branches which are a part of the education of every intelligent citizen. The problem of adequate preparation of teachers for carrying out the instruction in agriculture, in high schools and colleges and grades, is another consideration. A hasty demand that agriculture be incorporated into all the grades, before our teaching force is sufficiently strong, would be an intemperate thing. It is apparent that people demand, and justly, a making over of their public schools to the extent that real mind development be accomplished in the young in

the place of much that has been mere memory work or routine of doubtful, intellectual value. Problems in arithmetic should have a local bearing. Study soils and crops and animals. They may be the object of the most elementary as well as the most vigorous and advanced instruction.

In many ways we can practicalize our school instruction and lose not one whit of its intellectual vigor. Study the things at hand and the things that have to do with our daily life, but maintain vigorously the fundamentals of mind training. Agriculture as a department of study should be made a strong and permanent part of high school education, and it should be introduced into the grades just as rapidly as stability will permit.

I have taken so much time to say this word about our public schools because they are the greatest single force in the Republic. Any popular reform in education must be done through the elementary schools. Of the 19,000,000 students who enter the public schools of the United States, less than two per cent, (330,000) enter college. The college or university must train the leaders in the state or it misses its largest opportunity, but it affects the masses only indirectly, so I believe we are coming more clearly to understand that a state's elementary education should be fashioned closely after the needs of the state, as represented in its students, development taking place with temperance.

A state's higher education should be an embodiment of the idealism of the state. This idealism in our new west implies a thorough-going democracy in the class rooms and laboratories of the institution, and a wholesome equality of opportunity in the public life of the school. It implies further an incorporation in the course of study of the institution of the social and industrial features of the state and a straightforward attempt at the solution of the state's problems.

#### A SANCTUARY OF THE PEOPLE

It further implies a sanctuary where are garnered from year to year and from age to age the finest traditions of the race—traditions of art, of music, of literature, of law, of noble deeds on the field of battle, and sometimes nobler deeds in times of peace, of men and women who have had great inspiration of things that were good, and such iron in their souls that they have suffered if need be to death, that their ideas might live. Often, thankfully, great contributions to our civilization have come without dramatic effect or even hardship. As we advance in knowledge we come to know values better. Such a contributor to our civilization is Galileo, such is Luther, such is Helmholtz, such is Montessori of our own day, such is the Greatest Teacher of all.

And the world has many great leaders, men and women who scorn our social usages, which are still of lamentable iniquity but always improving, always better than yesterday, and live a life of high devotion to duty. They are our reformers, whom alas, we seldom distinguish from our demagogues until they have gone.

Our colleges should be custodians of this tradition, constant exemplars of the best motives of the people. They should be free from the taint of favoritism and partisanship. They should be clean to the very bone and spotlessly clothed with justice and high honor. The people will love such institutions, especially the men and women who toil with their hands. Such will be an answer to their prayer that they may have their share of dominion over the land and the sea in that it will prepare them for this dominion, and it will be an answer to their greater prayer which has pierced heaven for many blind centuries, that their children may have that equality of opportunity for God's blessings which the sacred pages promise, and which every good instinct in man justifies.

LOGAN, UTAH

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## The Toll

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Young Manhood came to the Valley of Hope,

In his strength and his courage and pride,  
And joyfully builded "Love's Retreat"

For sweet Purity, his bride;  
And Purity, queen of his heart, was queen  
Of his home with all of its joy serene.

There were fertile fields in the Valley of Hope,

There were meadows broad and rare,  
There were sparkling streams and glowing flowers,  
And sunshine everywhere.

Abundance smiled where the soil was tilled,  
And the mountain sides were treasure-filled.

And so young Manhood built and planned,

With never a thought of fear;  
And laughed aloud at the warning voice

Which told of a demon near—  
Of a powerful, horrible, hellish ghoul,  
That took from the valley yearly toll.

And children came, as the years sped on,  
Eight sons and daughters two,  
And strong of limb and fair of face,  
And honest and brave and true,  
They made the joy of the home complete—  
The joy and the glory of "Love's Retreat."

And Manhood ever in youth and prime  
Regarded this nook secure;  
Nor joined his strength with his fellowmen  
In making it doubly sure;  
Though often the demon took his toll  
About six times a year—a human soul.

Serene old age now turns the key  
To "Love's Retreat," and lo!  
With agonizing cry she pleads,  
His queen of the long ago:  
"My boy! my boy! oh, spare my boy!  
Give back to me my light and joy!

"When all my darlings left the nest  
But this one alone—and there  
He gave his cheer to my lonely heart,  
His love and his boyish care—  
They have poisoned him—that glassy eye  
Reveals the truth—my boy will die!

"Ah, well! 'tis best, if God wills it so—  
There be those who are worse than dead,  
'Mong the sin-defiled in the awful mire  
To which Rum's foul path has led—  
My boy, oh, would I could die for thee,  
Ah, woe is me! ah, woe is me!"

Age stood with staring eyes, aghast,  
Nor heard nor seemed to know;  
A moment only—then he fell,  
Death-stricken at a blow.  
And the woman's wails were beyond control,  
And the Rum-fiend gloated with double toll.

Still the demon lurks in the Vale of Hope,  
And still, with increasing greed,  
Stalks forth where the heart's best treasures are,  
His hungry maw to feed;  
And pain and anguish and grim despair  
Are still his consorts everywhere.



# A Plea for Prohibition

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BY FRED L. W. BENNETT

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Prohibition is usually assailed on two grounds. First, it is said to unwarrantably interfere with human freedom; and secondly, that it kills the goose which lays the golden (revenue) egg. To some the latter argument is, perhaps, the stronger of the two.

It seems to the writer, however, that the first and last and only point to be considered is whether the sale of liquor is of benefit to the moral and physical well-being of the people. If it is, then it ought never to be hindered by legislation, but rather encouraged as much as possible. If, on the other hand, it can be proved to be inimical, then it should be ruthlessly stamped out like a fell disease. The question of freedom does not enter into it at all. The state has the same right to restrain its citizens in any other connection when its interference can be shown to be beneficial.

We prohibitionists say that the sale of intoxicating drinks is a menace to the welfare of the community. We claim that it is responsible for the bulk of all the misery and poverty and sin in the world today. We denounce it as the greatest devitalizing force extant, and as the cause of more insanity, feeble-mindedness, and crime, than any other agency known. Hundreds of times have we offered statistics to prove our contention, but the liquor interests always evade the point at issue. If they can show where, how, and when they have helped to make the race better and purer and happier, let them speak out; the writer will be one of the first to support them; but they know they cannot do it. Many otherwise intelligent people are deceived by the silly plea of supporting the revenue. This is regarded as one of the strong arguments put forward in defense of the continued existence of the traffic. In any case, it is one of the most illogical and fatuous met with in the whole realm of controversy. It is about as sound as the plea for great armies and warships on the ground that they find employment for so many people.

Let us briefly and calmly examine this revenue question as pertaining to the liquor traffic. A certain sum per head of the population is expended in intoxicating drinks each year throughout the state. That many citizens do not consume any, does not matter; we are dealing in averages. Out of the amount received the liquor interests pay a certain small percentage to the state as

a tax; the remainder they devote to their own private requirements, like any one else. Now, if the sale of the drink were stopped, the people would not only have the money they contributed indirectly to the revenue, but the money which the manufacturer and retailer of the drink got, too. In other words there would be more money per head of the population than there was before. If the state suffers through the loss of the revenue, it would be an easy matter, surely, for the people to pay directly as much as the liquor people had been paying for them! Some say, we shall lose business. I say let it go then! we can do without any business that must be tainted with alcohol. But we shall not lose business, by closing our saloons. No man ever lost business through being a total abstainer from intoxicants. It inspires confidence wherever one goes, even amongst drunkards. This applies equally to communities.

For years the white races have gazed with wonder and pity at the Chinese opium smokers, puffing away serenely at the noxious weed which has meant imbecility and death, and many attempts have they made to rid them from this evil habit. Has it never occurred to these would-be rescuers that they have an obsession little less baneful? Have they never noticed the human wrecks who are sacrificing themselves on the accursed altar of alcohol? Ask any man or woman who has fallen from a position of trust the cause of the misfortune, and you will be told in a great percentage of cases that it is through drink. How pathetic it is to hear a near relative of an individual say, "He is alright when he is sober, but when he is in drink one is never certain as to what he may say or do." Yet many of us could give scores of instances in which such remarks have been made. Then why should the sale of this poison be permitted in this enlightened age, when scientists, educators and others are doing their best to assist the race in its onward march? Why should men and women be allowed to continue injuring themselves and their posterity in this way? There are many inveterate drinkers who would welcome prohibition, but they have not the strength of will to give it up themselves. Whatever may be the result of the present struggle, let it be remembered that the greater the revenue obtained by the state from the liquor traffic, the greater the curse of that traffic. *The more prosperous the brewer and distiller, the greater the misery and poverty of their fellow citizens. It is a harsh way of putting it, I know it, but it is the only way.*

OGDEN, UTAH

# EDITORS' TABLE



## A Word to Our Friends

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We are grateful to all who have contributed to the success of the 19th volume of the ERA, which closes with this number. Our thanks go out to the writers; to the young men who so freely and with spirit and willingness, canvassed for subscribers; and to the readers of the ERA whose words of encouragement, and promptness in the payment of their subscriptions, have enabled us to make a pronounced success of the volume now closed. And we are glad to say, it has been a success, both financially and in a literary sense.

We believe the ERA has done much good, and has proved effective in the work it is designed to do, viz., to advocate the great cause of the Church of Christ; to aid the ministers of that cause at home and abroad; to help as a spokesman for the great organizations which it represents and which are devoting their attention to the religious, moral, and intellectual welfare of the young people of the Church—the Priesthood Quorums, the Y. M. M. I. A., and the Church schools. We can only thank our friends for the splendid labors of the past, and express the desire on our part that we may be favored with their co-operation to do even better in every respect for the future—and particularly for the new volume which begins with the November number. The Lord has hertofore blessed our united efforts, and we are sure that he will crown our labors with success in the future, if we prayerfully and earnestly do our duties. As writers, canvassers, members of the organizations represented, and as general readers, let us unite to make volume twenty the most attractive, the most interesting, the most valuable yet. You may count on the editors, the management, the Priesthood committee, the members of the General Board, and the Board of Education, unitedly to join their labors and influence with yours to this end. And so, good bye, volume nineteen; good morning, volume twenty.

## Higher Standards

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In the M. I. A. conventions, past and now being held, one important consideration is the social work. A letter of instructions from the General Boards of the M. I. A., approved by the Presidency of the Church, and including a writing by President

Joseph F. Smith on "Moderation in Amusements" are being carefully considered. The officers of our organizations are being instructed to co-operate with the presidencies of stakes, the bishops, and the officers and the membership of the Church generally who are interested in the moral welfare of the youth of Zion, to work for higher standards in amusements, and especially in dancing.

Some of the stakes have taken the matter up in earnest, and all the wards are joining to make a uniformity in requirements tending to better and more decent conduct in the dance. To this end, the requirements in the letter of instructions, with others added, have been considered and agreed upon, in a number of meetings of those who are interested in several stakes. The idea is a good one for all the stakes. Here are some points to begin on: Dances, as far as possible, should not be held for money-making; a primary requirement is intelligent supervision and management; music of the highest and most proper kind should be secured; the attendance of parents, patrons, and chaperones, and their mingling with the young, lends an atmosphere of conservatism, and "tone," and is an element of real safety, much to be desired. Copies of the circular of instructions by the Boards may be obtained free by request to the ERA.

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### Temperance Campaign in South Africa

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President Nicholas G. Smith, Magdala, Annersley Road, Roseband, South Africa, has been invited to take part in the temperance campaign that is being carried on in that country for the forthcoming licensing year. This movement is recognized as absolutely unsectarian, and workers from all Christian denominations and churches have been cordially invited. The campaign is known as the Wynberg and District Temperance Alliance. Several meetings were held during the past summer at which noted speakers discussed the liquor question. At a meeting on Tuesday, May 2, His Grace Archbishop Carter presided, and Dr. Hertzlett, of Johannesburg, and others addressed the meeting.

We are pleased to know that President Smith has been requested to join this organization, by which he becomes acquainted with some of the leading men and spirits of South Africa. We are sure that he will be a credit and a great help to the temperance organization, and that his connection therewith, will be of advantage and benefit to him and to the Church in that district.

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### The Worst of War

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Under this caption the New York *Independent*, in a recent number, declares that the most horrible thing to the onlooker is



not the killing and wounding, "for even in peace all must die and many must suffer," but it is the engendering of 'a spirit of delight at the infliction of pain and death. The *Independent* proceeds:

"Who could have imagined three years ago that a million men, women and children would cheer and sing at the sight of a score of men burning to death in midair and struggle to get hold of falling fragments of the charred remains! This is the way one eyewitness describes the scene when a Zeppelin was brought down near London:

"As soon as it was realized that it was a Zeppelin in flames there was pandemonium. Every one was shouting, hands were being clapped, steamers were using their sirens incessantly, and a few railway engines that were about were cock-a-doodling with steam whistles until the uproar resembled nothing so much as the advent of a new year in the shipping area.

"Gradually the glowing mass was lost behind the outlines of houses, but the sky for some time was lit up brilliantly. Then we talked excitedly, we wrung each other's hands and acted like children, till suddenly, in sweet contralto tones, were heard the opening bars of the national anthem, and there we stood, men, women and children, singing "God Save the King" while the gathering light was heralding the approach of another Sabbath day.'

"It would not be becoming in us who live four thousand miles away from the heat of conflict to blame the British for thus rejoicing at the fall of their most dreaded enemy, or the Germans for rejoicing at the return of a Zeppelin after its murderous raid. It is human—all too human. But it is possible even in war time to maintain a more Christian spirit, such as was shown by Captain Philip of the *Texas*, who, when Cervera's ships had been driven ashore at Santiago, and the *Oquendo* was burning upon the beach, said to his crew: 'Don't cheer, boys. The poor devils are dying.'"

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## The Use of the Tongue

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Some time ago the IMPROVEMENT ERA published an article by John Henry Evans under the title, "*The Use of the Tongue*," the first chapter in his new book, *The Spoken Word*. The book has just been issued from the press.

It was written to meet the demands of the M. I. A. in its story-telling, public speaking, and debating contests, and has a discussion of each of these intellectual activities. The volume has nearly two hundred pages—enough to give a reasonably full treatment of its subject, and yet not too much to encumber the mind of the student. It sells for 75c, and is uniform with "*How to Teach Religion*," by Evans and Jensen. We commend the volume to all who wish a compact, clear, and readable treatise on story-telling, public speaking, and debating.

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## Messages from the Missions

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### Return of the Founder of the Mission

Clarence Smedley, conference secretary of the Pago Pago, Tutu-illa conference, Samoa, writes concerning the visit which some of

the brethren who have spent many years in times past in that mission had favored them with, Elders Joseph H. Dean, who opened the mission twenty-seven years ago, and Edward J. Wood who followed him there a month or two later and who was there for the third time. "Each has a son here who arrived in order a month or two apart. These brethren visited these sons and have greatly enjoyed their association with them and the native Saints. After spending a month on the island of Upolu, Savaii, President Wood and President John A. Nelson our new president, President Ernest Wright and Elders E. G. Wood and J. G. Bastow visited Tutuilla and held a conference and priesthood meeting spending a week also in visiting various branches and places of interest. The Saints gave the brethren in all places a warm reception and deep interest was shown in the meetings, and particularly in the magic lantern show held immediately after each meeting and explained by President Wood. In certain cases after the dismissal of the gatherings old chiefs sat around hungering to talk longer. The brethren left for a long trip around the east end of the island. At Aunuu, which is the beginning place of our Church here, where Elders Dean, Wood, Lee and Beesley met and worked with Manoa and Belio, an apostle and seventy who had been sent out from Hawaii by an assumptive prophet there. The president pointed the ruins of the old church and house of Manoa, the spring, bathing pool, etc., and found a woman who had been their native 'mother' still alive and overjoyed at meeting them. A well-attended meeting was held at night and the native missionary of this church, showed us remarkable hospitality. We attended their services the following morning at which Presidents Wood and Nelson were given opportunity to bear their testimonies. While crossing Aloa, over the channel, President Wood related how Manoa had saved his life from the treachery of the waves on his early mission and how Manoa later lost his own life there, his body not even being recovered. At Aloa we spent a pleasant day with Saints and friends who greatly enjoyed the meetings and the picture show and the band that Elder Andrew L. Archibald has in a splendid condition now. The next day President Wood stopped us in a small village and pointed out by the aid of a native the final resting place of Belio. The cement cairn built to mark the place had been razed years ago and only the oldest villagers could identify the place. At Aoa we met a woman who had cared for the president the first few days of his life in Samoa. It was indeed inspiring to see the gratification that was shown in her meeting him. People whom we supposed bitter toward us melted to tears when they met the old-time elders. We then repeated our meeting and exercises and music and left for another village and friends. At Aua they had a feast all prepared for us to sit down to. We arrived at Pago Pago and here in the evening our entertainment was attended with interest. At the home of the people's governor Mauga, President Ernest Wright bore a powerful testimony and President Wood explained the slides illustrating the life of Christ, the prodigal son, and the life of Joseph Smith and scenes and buildings in Utah, etc. On April 4 we bade adieu to the brethren as they turned homeward and we turned again to our branches with joy for the many wonderful experiences, and our eyes were opened to so many ways of rousing interest.

### Missionaries Greatly Encouraged

William M. Mason, Savaii, Samoa, May 26: "The conference of this mission was held in the village of Palauli on the 5th to the 8th

of May. The meetings were well attended, and were the cause of many investigating the gospel. Two hundred people were present at an open air meeting on Sunday and we had six baptisms that day. On Monday the missionaries and Saints separated and journeyed back to their different villages, many having to travel about 120 miles over the roughest trails, so rough that for many miles a horse is unable to cross, but they all felt paid in the spirit of our conference and gave praise to God. The work of the Lord is progressing rapidly and the people seem to have a greater desire to listen to the gospel than ever before. The missionaries are therefore highly encouraged with the success of their labors. Mission President Ernest Wright was in attendance, and gave many good instructions. The elders laboring on the islands are: T. L. Brown, H. B. Brown, C. M. Ferrin, C. J. Sharp, W. T. Mackay, and William M. Mason, conference president."

### Seven Hundred Books of Mormon Distributed

Merrill Bennion, secretary of the Central States Mission, Independence, Mo., July 3: "We held a joint conference May 28, 1916, at Independence chapel at which the following missionaries attended:



Independence and East Kansas conferences:—back row, left to right: M. J. Miller, Merrill Bennion, F. R. Swenson, W. R. West, G. C. Lloyd, W. E. Taylor, C. C. Martin.

2nd. row: Pearl T. Larsen, Louise Chidester, W. J. Steiner, W. S. Riggs, F. J. Miller, W. I. Gardner, Sivil Neilson, E. J. Curtis, Calvin Shipley, Irene Reed, Ada Barney, C. W. Millard, Otelia Baker, Nellie Mackey.

3rd. row: D. A. Abbott, Melvin Peters, Kate C. Martin, W. E. Graff, Anna Little, H. H. Cutler, Nora Hansen, W. L. Barker, Hazen Johnson, M. W. Elison, Selena Kippen, W. L. Glade, Irene Corbett, I. H. Brimhall, Elsie Gerrard

4th. row: Fern Riches, Lloyd Anderson, Bertha Anderson, G. N. Wray, Marie Olsen, Edward Christenson, Pres. S. O. Bennion, Lottie T. Bennion, Pres. Jos. E. Robinson, Minnie A. Robinson, Ross Hunt, Nora Lamoreaux.

5th. row: Mrs. Marie Eardley (local member), Geo. Gailey, L. C. Campbell, A D. Hirschi, R. A. Peterson, Francis McLaws, Dona

Bennion, Jos. K. Robinson, H. C. Sorenson, R. S. Goddard, J. Benj. Robinson.

We were honored with the presence of President Joseph E. Robinson and wife of the California mission, both of whom gave very enjoyable addresses. Recently a number of applications for baptism have been made, and in June twelve were baptized in these two conferences. Many who were formerly opposed have become convinced of the truth and divinity of our message and have come to recognize the divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the divine mission of Joseph Smith, the prophet, sent of the Lord to establish his Church in the earth. We are seeking to advance the sales of the Book of Mormon in this mission and during the month of June distributed some seven hundred copies. Our missionaries are making regular calls upon those who have become interested and are reading this volume of scripture. They are explaining the principles contained therein with associated passages in the Bible showing both correlated together with the influence of the gospel."

### Success in Holland

Elder P. L. Nebeker, president of the Amsterdam conference, Holland, writes to the ERA under date of March 28, the letter being re-



ceived May 24, after passing the censor: "I have been a recipient and interested reader of the ERA for nearly two and a half years. I thought I would like to write a short letter of thanks for it. Each ERA has contained experiences or some gospel subjects and words of purity, cheer and encouragement which have helped me all through my mission, and I have often heard words of appreciation for it from my companions. On Washington's birthday we held our semi-annual conference at Amsterdam, and feel gratified at the success we had. We reach many people through our meetings, and have secured several addresses of interested investigators. Four elders work here in the Amsterdam conference, two in Utrecht, and Elder W. B. Hanks and myself here in Amsterdam. We are kept busy every day in our work. The picture with the elders was taken at the time of our conference while we were out visiting the flooded district one-half mile from Amsterdam. We are standing on a dike, and behind us is the flooded district including many towns. Since then many of the houses, becoming weakened by standing in the water, have been blown down or broken down by the waves. Elders, left to right: R. J. Sperry, Utrecht; William Dalebout, president Groningen conference; J. A. Butterworth, president Arnhem conference; W. B. Hanks, Amsterdam; P. L. Neb-



eker, president Amsterdam conference; B. A. Anderson, Utrecht; D. Burg, Arnhem."

### Harvest Plenteous but Laborers Few

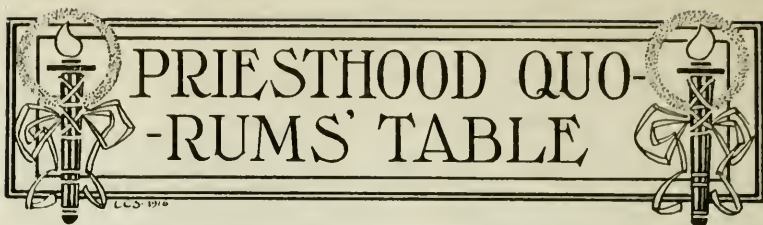
Elder Herbert P. Haight, clerk of the Birmingham conference, England, April 25: "Comparing with our former numbers the photograph enclosed, which contains the following elders, left to right, first row: Leroy Dance, Blackfoot, Idaho; President James Judd, La Verkin; H. L. Strong, Kaysville; J. Wesley Chipman, Salt Lake; back row, G. R. Eldredge, Woods Cross; Herbert P. Haight, Cedar City, Utah; James Laird, Idaho Falls, Idaho; James H. Ludlow, Salt Lake City, Utah, you will appreciate the effects of war. There are only six elders trying to do the work formerly done by thirty to thirty-five



elders. Six of our eight branches are under the direction of local elders. Our farthest branch is Northampton, fifty miles from Birmingham, and the elders take turns each Sunday in assisting the local elder. The harvest is truly plenteous, but the laborers are few, is an expression of the Savior's which may well be applied in our case. We are having good times in spite of the disturbed conditions caused by the war. Each Sunday the elders are circuited, one elder to each branch, to help conduct the services. Due to the untiring zeal of our local assistants we are able to keep the branches open and in active condition. Persecution has ceased in this conference, and we are enjoying more freedom than we have had for a number of years. At present the minds of the people are so engaged upon this war, its causes and results, that they will not converse for any length of time upon any other subject."

### The "Era" a Good Friend

Elder Hugh M. Larson, Richmond, Melbourne, Australia, June 18: "The ERA is one of our best friends and we are always anxious to get it. The clean, moral stories, the editorials, messages from the missions and the good spirit and influence it radiates are all character builders."



## Helps for Instructors of Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

### LESSON 28

(To the instructor: The aim of this lesson is to help to awaken in the boys an interest in the Jews.)

Problem: What has our Church done to help prepare the land of Jerusalem for the gathering of the Jews? Let the boys tell anything they may already know. Make clear to them the contents of Genesis 15:7-18. When did Abraham become the inheritor of the land? What sign did the Lord give Abraham as evidence of that right? Make clear the complete fulfillment of the sign including the period of bondage and return from bondage. When were the Jews last scattered from Jerusalem?

Study the lesson.

Tell how Elder Orson Hyde came to be called to go to Jerusalem. Name the different things which he asked the Lord to bless for the welfare of the Jews. Compare the number of Jews now in Jerusalem with the number when Brother Hyde was there. Answer the general question of the lesson.

### LESSON 29

Aim: To strengthen the faith of the boys in the written word of God.

What ways has the Lord provided for us to learn the right? Endeavor to get answers that will include the servants of the Lord who are entitled to revelation, and the spirit of wisdom, also the scriptures. After answers containing these ideas have been given, explain to the boys that lessons twenty-nine and thirty are to show the faith Elder Parley P. Pratt had in the written word of God before he was a member of the Church.

Today we are going to learn how Brother Parley P. Pratt put to the test his faith in the written word of God.

Study the lesson.

How much property did Brother Pratt own? What prospects did he have for doing well financially? State the thought of the passages of scripture which he believed in, and desired more than he did his earthly possessions. What did he do to prove his faith in them? How did the written word of the Lord influence Parley P. Pratt? Compare this instance with the influence of the statement of James on Joseph Smith, at the time of his first vision.

### LESSON 30

Aim: Same as Lesson 29.

In the following lesson we are to learn how Brother Pratt's faith and works were rewarded.

Study the lesson.

How did Brother Pratt become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

What books influenced his conversion to the gospel? How did he feel when he became a member of the Church?

What is the testimony that the faith and works of Parley P. Pratt bear concerning the written word of God?

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## Ward Teaching and Attendance at Meetings

### Ward Teaching

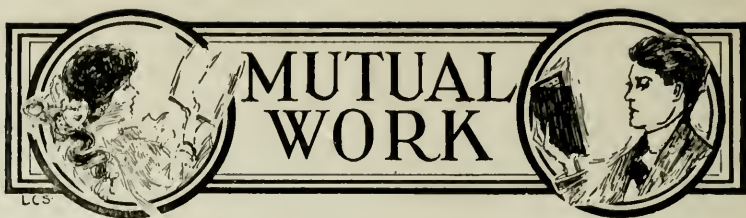
In a summary of the bulletin of ward teaching, prepared by the Presiding Bishop's Office, and covering the six months ending June 30, 1916, the percentage of families visited each month is shown during that period. The stakes that have a clean record of 100% visited each month during that period are: Bear Lake, Box Elder, South Sanpete, Oneida, with Ogden lacking only 4-10% for February to make up the full 100%. Other stakes that stood high and near the mark are: Bear River, Ensign, North Davis, Salt Lake, South Davis and Weber. The number of wards reporting 100% families visited for August, 1916, was 249; the stakes having 100% being Bear Lake, Box Elder, Liberty, North Davis, North Sanpete, and Oneida.

### Sacrament Meetings

From a bulletin of attendance at sacrament meetings for the six months ending July 31, 1916, compiled at the Presiding Bishop's office, we learn that the percentage of average attendance each month during that period ranges from 9 per cent to 44. The highest per cent for a single month was 44 in Alberta, for July, and the lowest for the same month in Kanab and Tooele, 9 per cent; Raft River, 33; Young, 30; Bannock, 27; Curlew, 26, were the next highest, followed by Malad, Oneida, St. Johns, Star Valley, and Uintah, each with 24. Many of the stakes followed closely after, the average for 71 stakes being 16.6 per cent, a very good showing of attendance at Church, for the hottest month in the year.

### An Active Priesthood

One of the active wards in Priesthood work is Parker, of the Yellowstone stake. There are 181 members holding the Priesthood out of a membership of 605 in the ward. The Priesthood held meetings every week for the six months ending June 30, with an average attendance as follows at each meeting: January 61, February 50, March 46, April 33, May 28, June 26, an average for the six months of 41. They are using the authorized text books in all of the classes and are anxious that the Priesthood Quorums' Committee should be prompt in the publication of their outlines, so that these may be distributed in time to commence the work at the beginning of the year. They are right up to date with their studies.



## Special Activities

### A Summer Outing

The Millard Academy and the Deseret Stake M. I. A. recently had a most successful chautauqua and summer outing. Principal C. E. McClellan of the Academy, Supt. George E. Finlinson, and President Mrs. H. A. Riding of the respective M. I. Associations, acted unitedly together as a general committee for the three organizations. The outing was held in Oak Creek canyon, Millard county, and more than



A Photo of the Company in Oak Creek Canyon, Millard Co., Utah.

one thousand people were present. The chautauqua covered a period of four days, August 22 to 25, inclusive. The educational idea dominated the meetings which were held at 9 a. m., 4 and 8:30 p. m. Between periods, short hikes were taken to the summits of the surrounding peaks and ridges, the visiting educators pointing out the interesting facts concerning nature. Six teachers from the Brigham Young University were present. Prof. H. Smart lectured on bird life. Rural sanitation was also treated in such a way that the information obtained repaid for the entire trip.

Professor Fred Buss gave a talk on the physiography of Oak Creek canyon, in which he pointed out the wonderful stories which the rocks told to those who could read their language. He spoke also on "How to Read the Stars." Prof. E. L. Roberts gave a clear analysis of the difficult dance question, and the best suggestions for its solution. He also spoke on athletics. Prof. Gudmundsen and his two children delighted the throngs by instrumental music. Miss Mabel Morley sang and Miss Olgie Eggertsen gave readings. Field Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham was present and sang, and spoke in his usual interesting style. Alva L. Woodward, instructor of music in the Millard Academy, and Miss Garda Gee, delighted their audiences



in music and oral expression. Miss May Mortensen of the Cassia Stake Academy read several selections. A big concert was given on Wednesday evening at which more than 500 people gathered to the dim light of a gas lamp, and those of distant automobiles.

The artists already referred to gave first class selections. On Thursday afternoon a well attended stake Priesthood meeting was held. Educational and religious talks were listened to with an attention not usually accorded in a regular meetinghouse in August. Logs were used for seats. On Friday the Bee-Hive girls of Oak City played ball against the girls from all the other wards, and won by a score of fourteen to six. In Oak City, on Friday, a hundred couples took part in a closing dance under the direction of stake M. I. A. officers. Strict adherence to regulations of propriety governed the dances. So much pleasure and profit have come to parents and grownups from this out that it is hoped it can be made an annual affair. The combining of the Church school with the M. I. A. worked to the interests of both. Principal McClellan, Supt. Finlinson, and President Riding are congratulated on having provided so rare a treat for the community; and the general committee is also commended for the success of the undertaking. Our illustration gives a slight conception of the happy group as they were photographed in the woods.

### Lists of Dramas, Debates, and Declamations

The joint committee on Special Activities has modified its ruling in regard to these events to this extent: M. I. A. officers may select for use, other plays and other subjects for debates than those recommended in these lists, provided they submit them to the General Boards for approval; they may also select other declamations of like character and standard of excellence to those listed but these need not be submitted for approval. It is earnestly requested, however, that the recommended lists be used as far as possible:

#### DRAMAS

"The Cricket on the Hearth," by Albert Smith, a drama in 3 acts; 6 males, 6 females; full evening; price 15c.

"Alabama," by Augustus Thomas, a drama in 4 acts; 8 males, 4 females; full evening, price 50c.

"Katherine and Petruchio," by Shakespeare, edited by Wm. Winter, a comedy in 2 acts; price 15c.

"Her Own Way," by Clyde Fitch, a play in 4 acts; 5 males, 6 females, 3 children; full evening; price 25c.

"Mice and Men," by Madeleine L. Ryley, a romantic comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 6 females; full evening; price 50c.

"Pygmalion and Galatea," by W. S. Gilbert, a comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 4 females. Time, 1 hour and 45 minutes; price 15c.

"Our Boys," by H. J. Byron, a comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 3 females; full evening; price 15c.

"Dora," by Charles Reade, a pastoral drama in 3 acts; 4 males, 2 females, 1 child. Time, 2 hours and 40 minutes. Founded on Tennyson's poem. Price 25c.

"My Brother's Keeper," by W. H. Baker, a drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 3 females. Time, 2 hours and 30 minutes. Price 25c.

"Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown," by Walter Ben Hare, a comedy drama in 3 acts; 2 males, 4 females, 5 children. Time, 2 hours, 20 minutes. Price 25c.

"All a Mistake," by W. C. Parker, a farce comedy in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price 25c.

"The Return of Letty," by Alice C. Thompson, a comedy in 1 act; 5 females, no males. Time, 45 minutes. Price 15c.

"Dinner at Six," by Arthur Lewis Tubbs, a comedy in 2 acts; 3 males, 3 females, 1 child. Time, 45 minutes. Price 15c.

"Who's Who? or All in a Fog," by Thos. J. Williams, a farce in 1 act; 3 males, 2 females. Time, 40 minutes. Price 15c.

All of the above plays can be purchased at the Deseret News Book Store and the Salt Lake Costuming House, and from other dealers.

#### DEBATES

Resolved, that military drill training should not be adopted in state high schools or colleges.

Resolved, that the Powers should by treaty give The Hague Tribunal the power to arbitrate all disputes between nations.

Resolved, that the town of \_\_\_\_\_, having more than one thousand inhabitants, should establish a tax-supported library.

Resolved, that \_\_\_\_\_ state should set apart two days annually for the public discussion of its economic, social, and educational problems.

Resolved, that \_\_\_\_\_ county should have a county fair.

Resolved, that the United States should adopt the policy of gradual disarmament. The Bureau of Debating and Discussion of the extension division of the University of Washington has published a brief and outline on the following subject: "State roads and permanent highways." This is a question of great importance at the present time in the Western states. It is probable that a copy of this brief and outline may be obtained by addressing the Bureau, Seattle, Washington.

NOTES: Information relating to most of these questions may be obtained from your senator or representative in Congress.

The University of California has published a bulletin (No. 3) in its extension division, entitled Bureau of Public Discussion, on Debating and Debating Societies, which is very helpful. Write Bureau at Berkeley, California.

Help may also be obtained from the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, and from the Agricultural College, Logan. See also "Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book," 1915, pages 25, 26, 93-95.

### DECLAMATIONS

#### *Humor Without Dialect*

"Budge's Version of the Flood," J. Habberton. Shoemaker's "Best Selections," No. 5, Choice Selections, No. 14.

"Mice at Play," Anon. Shoemaker's "Best Selections," No. 11.

"Tom Sawyer Whitewashes the Fence," Mark Twain. Shoemaker's "Best Selections," No. 7.

"Ghost Story," Mark Twain. Werner's "Readings and Recitations."

"The Great Beef Contract," Mark Twain. Shoemaker's "Best Selections."

"The Day of Judgment," Elizabeth Stewart Phelps. Shoemaker's "Best Selections."

"Where Ignorance is Bliss," Howard Fielding. "The Speaker," No. 20.

"The Little Story," R. W. Burdette. Shoemaker's "Best Selections."

"The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," Anthony Hope. Werner's "Readings," No. 20. "The Speaker," No. 1.

"The Other Baby at Rudder Grange," Frank Stockton. Clark's "Handbook of Best Readings"

"How We Hunted a House," Joshua Jenkins. Shoemaker's "Best Selections."

#### *Miscellaneous*

"Napoleon at the Pyramids," Geo. R. Garff. "Best Selections," No. 21.

"Personal Liberty," W. J. Bryan. "The Speaker," No. 19.

"The Temperance Question," I. G. Holland. "The Speaker," No. 19.

"The American War," Lord Chatham. Hyde's "School Speaker and Reader."

"Paul Before King Agrippa," Bible.

"Toussaint L'Ouverture," Phillips. Hyde's "School Speaker and Reader."

"The New South," Grady. Hyde's "School Speaker and Reader."

"O'Connell," Phillips. Clark and Blanchard's "Practical Public Speaking."

"Liberty Under Law," Curtis. Phillips' "Natural Drills in Expression."

"The Call to Arms," Patrick Henry. Hyde's "School Speaker and Reader."

"Force," Thurston. C. P. "Natural Drills in Expression," Clark and Blanchard's "Practical Public Speaking."

"Victor of Marengo," Joel T. Headley. Hyde's "School Speaker and Reader."

"Impeachment of Warren Hastings," Burke. Webster's "Reply to Haynes," Hyde's "School Speaker and Reader."

"Matches and Overmatches," Webster. Webster's "Reply to Hayne."

NOTE: "The Speaker" is a magazine published by Pearson Bros., 29 So. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 40c per copy.

### CHANGE IN RULING AS TO READING COURSE SCORING

The ruling in regard to scoring in special activities (See p. 7 Convention Circular, 1916) has been modified in this one particular: In addition to scoring for reading courses in special gatherings called and presided over by officers of the M. I. A., members of the Association may also score points for the hearing of books read in home gatherings, but in no other gatherings except as provided.

### Scouts Celebrate the Fourth

Roy Chidester, scoutmaster at Richfield, Utah, writes, July 5: "On the 4th of July our city arranged for a parade as a part of the independence program. This consisted of floats and decorated automobiles. Troop one of the Boy Scouts was given a chance to enter.

We mounted a wireless telegraph instrument and aerial; we bandaged four boys all over and placed our law and promise and motto on large cardboards and decorated the car with green bunting. We carried off the first prize of fifteen dollars. The boys are encouraged and we are working hard and are about ready for our annual hike."

### **M. I A in Australia**

Raymond Kneale, president of the M. I. A., Melbourne, Australia, writes that the association there is enjoying the spirit of the gospel despite the awful confusion of the war. "The war is causing people to have another conception of life and will undoubtedly open the way for the further spread of the gospel. In this country we know not how the tide may turn but must confide in our God. I am proud of the real spirit of 'Mormonism' which is the upholding power of men in the world. Our association continues to meet on special nights when we have debates, recitations, dialogues, short dramas, musical numbers and lectures. I pray continually for the advancement of truth."

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## **Athletics and Scout Work**

### **Stake Scout Masters' Notice**

Nineteen scout masters of the Salt Lake District Scout Masters' Association have received First Aid Certificates from the American Red Cross Association for completing a course of study in first aid. Dr. Robertson, under whom the course was taken, and who is one of the best first aiders in the country, having served in two British wars, has consented to give another course this winter, starting in the very near future. This course will consist of twelve lessons and will be given any time that will suit those who will undertake the study. N. W. Reynolds, at the Western Arms and Sporting Goods Company, of this city, has the course in charge. Mr. Reynolds said there will be no charges made for the course. Stake men, outside of Salt Lake, will be given first chance. If you are interested, write Mr. Reynolds.

### **Watermelon Bust**

On the night of September 8, the Ensign stake M. I. A. Scouts went in automobiles to Centerville, Davis county, on a watermelon bust. One hundred and thirty-two boys made the trip, and what a rousing good time they did have! Each ward answered the roll call by giving their ward yell, and all joined in the scout songs and the stake yell.

## **Stake Work**

### **Credit Uintah**

Through an error in copying, the Uintah stake, Pontha Calder, superintendent, was omitted from the list of stakes that paid 100% or more on the General Improvement Fund, for the year 1916, as published in the August number of the ERA, page 923. Uintah stake should be added to the thirteen others named in the reference alluded to. As with the other stakes, we congratulate Uintah on having reached the goal. We trust that during the season to come, many more stakes will be added to the fourteen which stand at the head. It is a foregone conclusion, of course, that the fourteen stakes named will continue at the front in the good work.

# PASSING EVENTS

THE PANAMA CANAL re-opened on September 7, with a clear channel to all classes of vessels.

THE MINERAL PRODUCTION IN UTAH for 1915 amounted in all to \$55,105,070, exclusive of coal. It is estimated that the production for this year will reach \$75,000,000, not including output of coal.

JOHN FELT, age ninety-seven, the oldest Swede in Utah, and a pioneer of the State, died at his home in Huntsville, September 3. He was born in Sweden and came to the United States in 1850, and to Utah in 1857, living in Salt Lake, then Grantsville, and in Ogden Valley since 1871.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON opened his campaign for re-election on Saturday, August 27, when he officially accepted the Democratic nomination for president, at Long Branch, New Jersey, his summer residence. A crowd of more than eight thousand people gathered to hear his address.

HAROLD SMITH, twenty-four years of age, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Smith of Provo, died in Honolulu on Sunday, September 10, following an operation for appendicitis. He left Provo as a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, from the Sixth ward, two years ago, according to the *Provo Post*.

THE "DEUTSCHLAND," the German under-sea boat which arrived in Baltimore from Germany July 19, and sailed from Baltimore on her return journey to Germany, August 1, arrived at Bremen August 17. The submarine was laden with a valuable cargo both ways, and the trans-Atlantic voyage as a merchantman attracted world-wide attention.

JOHN WOODHOUSE, pioneer of Utah, born in England, July 21, 1830, was instantly killed in Lehi by being run over by a Denver & Rio Grande railway train, as he was walking on the tracks. He joined the Church in 1851 and came to Utah in 1852. He was a well-known and influential citizen, having occupied many civil and Church offices.

A NEW MILLION-DOLLAR SUGAR FACTORY built by the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company was dedicated at Spanish Fork on the 4th and 5th of September, by a two days' celebration. Among the festivities were a parade by five hundred children in costume, an address by J. Preston Creer, and a response by T. R. Cutler, also an address by Governor Spry.

CHARLES E. HUGHES, Republican candidate for president, reached Utah August 24 and delivered a political address in Ogden. At four o'clock the same day he came to Salt Lake, where he was received with enthusiasm as in Ogden, and addressed a mass meeting at the Tabernacle at eight o'clock that evening, leaving the same night over the Union Pacific for Cheyenne.

NOMINEES FOR THE LEGISLATURE of both political parties throughout the state of Utah were generally pledged to enact a prohibition law in conformity with the declaration of both political parties. Efforts were also successfully put forth by the voters in the primaries to nominate such county officers for sheriff, police judges, and other officers of the law as would put into force any prohibition law that might be enacted by the coming legislature.

TWO ZEPPELINS to carry freight and mail to the United States, with a carrying capacity of sixty tons have been built in Germany, according to press telegrams, September 5. They have been christened "Amerika" and "Deutschland." It was stated that they were intended to make the aerial voyage between Berlin and New York in seventy-two hours. They can rise higher than any aeroplane, in order to escape hostile aviators; and can also descend to the water and travel there under their own power.

THE END OF THE GREAT WAR was predicted on September 11 by General Brussiloff at the Russian front, who said it would end by August next. "The intervention of Roumania is an event of the first order," he said. "I am no prophet; the future is in God's hands, but if I had to make a prediction I should be inclined to think that the month of August, 1917, might see the end of our memorable work. In the present war it is impossible for the Allies to lose, although a great deal remains to be accomplished, but a successful result is already in our hands. The game is already won."

ROUMANIA DECLARED WAR on Austria-Hungary on Sunday evening, August 27, and the following day fighting began between Roumania and Teutonic troops on the Transylvanian frontier. Germany followed with a declaration of war on Roumania. There are now fourteen nations at war in Europe. Italy has declared war on



Germany from August 28, which completes the rupture of the Triple Alliance which was based on separate treaties between the three states of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

A COMMISSION to consider border difficulties between the United States and Mexico was named by President Wilson August 22, as follows: Secretary Lane, Judge George Gray, Delaware; Rev. John R. Mott, New York. On the same day the war department countermanded its order of the 12th for the transfer of 25,000 more state troops from the mobilization camps to the Mexican border. Up to September 18, no agreements had been announced. On the 15th, a thousand followers of Villa attacked Chihuahua, but were repulsed by General Trivino, with six hundred killed Villistas and many captured.

THE CENTRAL SPAN OF THE QUEBEC BRIDGE, the longest cantilever bridge in the world, collapsed and fell into the St. Lawrence river while being hoisted into place on September 11. The dead number twenty-five. The bridge cost seventeen million dollars, and was built to shorten the railway journey from Halifax to the Canadian northwest by two hundred miles. A bridge built on the same site collapsed August 29, 1907, with a loss of seventy lives. The central span which fell weighed more than five hundred tons, and was six hundred and forty feet long.

PROFESSOR EVAN STEPHENS' FRIENDS to the number of five to six hundred singers, assembled on August 25, at his home in Salt Lake City, to partake of his hospitality. The retiring conductor of the Tabernacle choir was called upon by his guests to speak, and he thanked the choir for their labors in the past and for this opportunity of having a family reunion, for the choir, he said, had been a family to him, as he had none of his own. He announced that he would hereafter devote his time to writing music to give to the world; and while he expressed sorrow in parting with the choir, he wished all success to the new organization. President Charles W. Penrose spoke briefly in behalf of the First Presidency, expressing the high regard in which Brother Stephens was held.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE which was threatened and set for September 4, Labor Day, was averted by the passage in Congress of an eight-hour law. This action was resorted to after every effort had been made by President Wilson to avert the strike by agreement. The railroads prepared to meet the strike by the placing of an embargo on the receipt of all freights several days prior to the 4th of September. The big railway presidents, one hundred in number, were summoned to Washington to meet the president, but they stoutly supported the position against the eight-hour law taken by the managers. The president expressed himself on the 20th of August as in favor of a compulsory arbitration law. The new plan takes effect January 1, 1917, and allows an eight-hour day to the four brotherhoods of trainmen involved in the recent threatened strike.

ISAAC BARTON, a pioneer merchant and prominent Church worker, died in Salt Lake City, August 29. He was born at St. Helen's, Lancashire, England, December 11, 1842. He joined the Church when eight years of age and came to Utah in 1861. He joined the army in Nevada whither he went the following year and remained in the service, fighting Indians for two years, being discharged in 1866. He came to Kaysville that year, and did military service in southern Utah in the Black Hawk war. In 1871 he moved to Salt Lake and engaged in manufacture and mercantile business being at his death the head of the firm of Barton & Company. In 1890 he became bishop of the Nineteenth ward, and served for twenty-three years. He was a man of integrity, and highly esteemed in religious and financial circles.

WILLIAM KESLER, a notice of whose death appeared with some inaccuracies in the September ERA, was born of German parents, July 25, 1887, in southern Germany. He joined the Church there, in 1907, and came to Utah the following year. In the fall of 1912, he was called to perform a mission in Switzerland and Germany, and appointed to assist in editing *The Star*, the mission paper. When the war broke out, according to his own statements in a letter addressed to Arnold H. Schulthess, he felt impressed to volunteer his services, being a German subject and not yet an American citizen. He was not pressed into service. The reason he gave for volunteering was that, being a "Mormon" missionary, his government would look upon such service with more favor than if he held back until officially called. During his services in the war, he was wounded and sent to the hospital twice. On July 1, 1916, a bullet took his life. According to correspondence received from him while a soldier, it was his full intention to return to the mission field and complete his mission after the close of the war. He has no relatives in Utah, and consequently was not related to Bishop Kesler, of Salt Lake City.

THE SIXTY-FOURTH CONGRESS adjourned September 8. This session was concerned chiefly with national defense, and directed a re-organization and re-equipment of the army and navy for the country at the unprecedented cost of \$655,000,000, and authorized other expenditures that will increase the total in three years to nearly \$800,000,000. Other appropriations brought the grand total to \$1,637,583,682, the greatest total in the country's history, and exceeding the last fiscal year by more than half a billion dollars. In response to legislation to meet the Mexican emergency and expenditures for preparedness, this congress doubled the normal tax on incomes, by creating an inheritance tax, munitions tax, miscellaneous excise tax, to raise \$205,-

000,000. It also directed the sale of \$130,000,000 Panama canal bonds. A tariff commission and government shipping board, a workmen's compensation commission, a farm loan bank system, a child labor law, and many other important laws were passed by this session which was disturbed throughout by frequently recurring threats of foreign complications owing to the European war; and there was imminence at one time of a diplomatic break with Germany, also interference with American mails and commerce, besides the invasion of American soil and the killing of Americans by Mexican bandits, and danger of actual war with Mexico. The senate had much trouble over the nomination of Louis D. Brandies to succeed the late Justice La Mar of the supreme court. The week of adjournment was occupied with legislation which prevented the threatened national railway strike.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION was held in Ogden on Friday, August 18. William H. King was nominated for United States senator; Simon Bamberger was nominated candidate for governor. Other nominations were made as follows: Secretary of state, Hardin Bennion, Vernal; attorney general, Dan B. Shields, Salt Lake; treasurer, David O. Larsen, Progressive, of Moroni; auditor, Joseph Ririe, Progressive, of Ogden; superintendent of public instruction, Dr. E. G. Gowans, non-partisan of Salt Lake; justice of the supreme court, E. E. Corfman, Provo; presidential electors, R. N. Baskin, Salt Lake; Jesse Knight, Provo; Anton Anderson, Logan; John Seaman, Ogden. Milton H. Welling, Fielding, was nominated for congressman of the first district, and James H. Mays, Salt Lake, present incumbent, was renominated to succeed himself in the Congress of the United States, for the second district. In the platform of the party strong resolutions were incorporated declaring for prohibition. The governor and legislative assembly were pledged as follows: "We further pledge the Democratic party and its nominees for governor, state senators, and representatives, if elected, to pass, approve and have in full force and effect, not later than August 1, 1917, an act prohibiting the manufacture, sale or other disposition of intoxicating liquors and intoxicating beverages within the State of Utah; to provide severe and summary punishment for violations of the same; and in order that such legislation may not be repealed by a subsequent legislature, we pledge our candidates for state senators and representatives to submit to the people for their vote and approval, at the earliest moment such an election can be held, an amendment to our state constitution which shall forever prohibit the manufacture, sale or other disposition of intoxicating liquors and intoxicating beverages of every kind within the state, and authorizing and directing the legislature to pass all laws necessary to effectually enforce the same."

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